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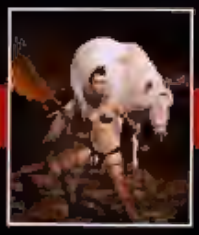

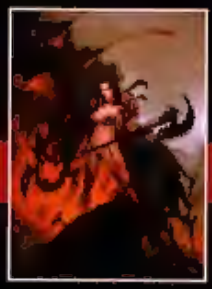

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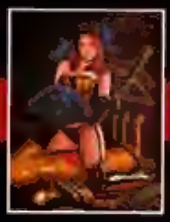

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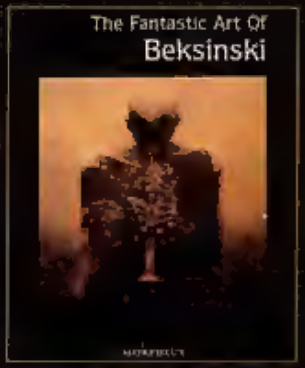

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PUBLISHER'S NOTE

Hey Guys!

Welcome to the September issue! Before I take another step further I want to thank everyone for their recent/awesome comments on the July and Summer Special issues on Heavy Metal (dot com). I'm very proud of them—it has been a wonderful year so far—and with the third and final installment of "Fluorescent Black" as our feature story this month, it looks like we're on track for a perfect 2010 score!

Unfortunately on the flip side, 2010 has been a year of immense loss for the Fantasy Art and Anime world—as we've lost two important innovators; one for his skill on a canvas, and another for knowing how to spot and market such genius. When Mr. Frazetta passed in May it was personally heartbreaking on every level—but I also know a world grieved alongside all of us here, which made it a bit easier—but also knowing we will all miss him dearly. When Mr. Macek passed a month earlier—I wondered how many people knew he was the guy that thought "Akira" was amazing and brought it to our shores? He really did—not only by doing the voice tracks, but by releasing it on VHS under his Streamline Pictures company—AND also by bringing the creator/director Mr. Otomo to the USA to do a city by college city tour to promote it?

Anyone know he was the original producer on "Robotech?" And so much more...Carl was smart—(too smart)—thoughtful—a hard worker—and a good solid friend to all who got to inhabit his inner circle. In a different way (and maybe by not as many people)—but just the same—he WILL be just as missed here on planet Earth by the people that knew him.

Onto this month's issue...

Mr. Bisley is back with us in the form of an awesome COVER, and we are thrilled. I REALLY need to get him back on a story for the insides, but we're going to have to wait until he gets through a backlog of kick ass stuff for other folks. Soon I hope.

Mr. Ringgenberg, one day we have to get you a few more pages to fill here for us; as I personally always enjoy your Dossier section. Keep up the great work! (And we'll talk in SD!)

Galleries! Artists! Galleries! Artists! Galleries! And our stellar "Artists(!)" this month are; Jose Gabriel: "Featured Artist!" Oliver Wetter: "Artist Studio!" Andrew "Bones" Jones: "Main Gallery!" Julie Bell/Boris Vallejo/David Palumbo: "The Tarot Card Gallery!"

Our short features, which always kick ass, are: "The Sun Will Die Blind" by Jerome Eyquem, "The Woodsman and the Dryads" by Martinez, Pina, Atanzio, and Martinez, "Joe in the Future" by Ray Weisfeld, "Off the Deep End" by Chuck Wagner, "Three Little Murders" by Phil Cohen, and "Colt The Outlander: Stormbringer" by Aradio Brothers Studios! Thanks a million guys—so glad to have you here with us!

Last but the VERY farthest from least is Matt Wilson and Nathan Fox's "Fluorescent Black"—and it is the third and final installment of this amazing saga—and I am beyond thrilled that the guys stuck with their vision, their dream, and stayed with US to see it through! Both these guys are amazing talents, and are going to be huge in comics/graphic novels, and films (not that they aren't already) but I look forward to them hitting the stride they deserve and making it into the big time.

I'm dead and need to sleep right now—can't wait to see you in sixty!

Best,

Kris Eastburn

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Frank Frazetta

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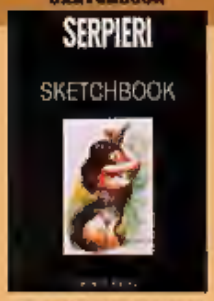

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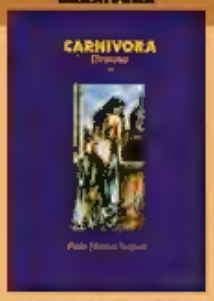

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Death of an Art Legend Frank Frazetta R.I.P.

February 9, 1928 — May 10, 2010

With the passing of Frank Frazetta on May 10th of this year, an era of classic illustration has ended, for Frazetta represented a living link between the great illustrators of the past and the best younger contemporary illustrators. Starting as a cartoonist and commercial illustrator, Frazetta emerged as one of the most popular and influential painters of the 20th Century.

Born on February 9th, 1928, his name was originally spelled, Frazetta. He later dropped the second "a" because he felt the two double letters, "t" and "z" looked in his words, "too clumsy." But however he spelled his name, Frank Frazetta was blessed with innate skill as an artist, and had the good fortune to come to the attention of Michael Falanga, a skilled teacher at the Brooklyn Academy of Art who helped him sharpen his natural skills so that he became an artist prodigy at a young age. Frazetta did "Snowman," a character he had created, in *Tally-Ho Comics* #1. Done in collaboration with John Guinta, it was his first work in comics at the tender age of 16. By his late teens he was producing work of increasing quality as a cartoonist. By his mid-20's, Frazetta's skill had grown so great that he was producing some of the most beautiful and eye-catching comic book art ever produced for titles like *John Wayne, Buster Crabbe Comics, Thunda, Heroic, Movie Love, Supersnake, Coo Coo, Barnyard,* and *Happy*. For EC Comics titles like *Weird Science, Weird Fantasy,* and *Shock Suspenstories*, working mostly in collaboration with friends like Al Williamson and Roy Krenkel. Frazetta did some gorgeous inking, though he did one memorable solo story for *Shock SuspenStories* #13. He also received a rejected Buck Rogers cover as the cover to *Weird Science-Fantasy* #29; though by many comics aficionados (myself included) to be the best comic book cover ever. One of his early assignments was drawing a strip called "Looie Lazybones" for *Thrilling Comics*. Although the "Looie Lazybones" feature wasn't terribly original (in fact it was a blatant rip-off of Al Capp's *Li' Abner*), but it did serve to bring Frazetta's talents to Capp's attention, however more on that later. Though he was never an innovative storyteller like Will Eisner or Harvey Kurtzman, Frazetta's quality of line immediately drew one's eye to anything he produced.

"There were giants in the Earth in those days…the same [became] mighty men which [were] of old, men of renown." – Genesis 6:4

To paraphrase what Harvey Kurtzman said in *From Aargh! to Zap!: Harvey Kurtzman's Visual History of the Comics*, Frazetta wasn't a great cartoonist, but his work was unforgettable.

Frazetta's talents were such that after several failed tries (*Tiga*, an apocalyptic sci-fi strip, and *Ambry Dexter*, a sports strip about an ambidextrous slugger) at selling a syndicated comic strip (the holy grail for young cartoonists of the time), in 1952, he was finally given his shot at the big time with the evocatively titled *Johnny Comet* (later retitled *Ace McCoy*). Despite the title, it was not a science-fiction strip, something for which Frazetta's talents were ideally suited, but instead recounted the rather mundane adventures of an itinerant race car driver. Still, despite the repetitive, formulaic scripts, Frazetta's ability to depict voluptuous women, dazzlingly villains, and truly astonishing action sequences made it one of the most beautiful comic strips of all time. During his last few years in comics, Frazetta did some of the most memorable artwork of his comics career, especially a famous series of Buck Rogers covers for *Famous Funnies*. However, by 1953, Frazetta had been recruited by Al Capp to be one of his stable of assistants on *Li' Abner*. For the next eight years Frazetta mostly just penciled the Sunday page for Capp at a rate of 52 pages a year. Since Frazetta, always a fast artist could pencil in one day, this meant that he had the rest of the week to do what he wanted. He would also occasionally drive up to Boston to work for several days at a time in Capp's studio at a rate of $100 a day, good money for the time. While working for Capp, Frazetta married his sweetheart Elleanor (Ellie) Kelly in 1956 on Sadie Hawkins Day (a holiday created by Capp for his strip); something the Frazettas always swore was just a coincidence. Given the strained relations between Frazetta and Capp after Frazetta left Capp's employ over a salary dispute in 1961, this might be the case.

Having conquered the comic book business back in the 50's, Frazetta simply assumed he could take up where he left off. However, the comics business had changed considerably in the eight years that Frazetta had been working for Capp, and he was unable to find work as a comic book artist. So he was forced to make ends meet by doing book illustrations for Midwood, a soft-core porn publisher, work that in retrospect seems remarkably tame.

Frank Frazetta photographed while being interviewed at the original Frazetta museum in 1984.

Photo by Jones Beach (Previously unpublished)

He also did some work for second-rate men's magazines like *Dude* and *Gent*, and picked up a little inking work from old friend George Evans on the *Frogmen* comic. It was the only time in Frazetta's long and prolific career that he really had to scramble for work, but this fallow period didn't last very long. At the urging of his friend Roy Krenkel, Frazetta began assisting him on painting covers for Ace Books' series of Edgar Rice Burroughs novels. Despite the reservations of Ace editor Don Wolheim, who didn't really like Frazetta's work, he soon graduated to doing covers by himself and quickly made a hit with Burroughs fans, who clamored for more of his work. In addition to the Burroughs covers, he also painted covers for novels by Otis Adelbert Kline (a Burroughs imitator), and sci-fi and comics writer Gardner Fox, as well as for a fantasy anthology edited by Wolheim, who overcame his dislike of Frazetta when he saw the sales figures for the books sporting his covers. Canaveral Press also commissioned Frazetta to do a series of black and white illustrations for their editions of Burroughs' novels, and he responded by creating some of the most powerful ink illustrations ever drawn by any artist. Sadly, these have been reprinted endlessly (and endlessly ripped off by Frazetta's army of imitators).

In addition to the Burroughs covers, Frazetta also assisted old friend Harvey Kurtzman on three "Little Annie Fanny" strips for *Playboy*, which Frazetta noted was the best pay he ever got for assisting anyone. He also contributed two back covers for *Mad*, one of them a hilarious full-color comic strip parodying Tarzan, and the other a mock shampoo ad lampooning Rock Hudson. Stan Lee, Carl Hubbell, and the film business noticed Frazetta's facility with caricatures and commissioned him to do the poster for a Red O'Toole-Peter Sellers comedy titled *What's New Pussycat*. The artist painted two versions of the poster featuring the film's large, starry cast, which included Woody Allen, Ursula Andress, Capucine and Paula Prentiss, making the equivalent of an entire year's salary with that one assignment. After that, he was off and running, creating movie posters for films such as *After the Fox, Hotel Paradiso, The Busy Body, The Secret of My Success, The Night They Raided Minsky's, Lassea*, and many others. In between the high-paying movie poster gigs, Frazetta set the paperback industry on fire with his famous series of Conan covers for Lancer Books and a string of striking covers for Warren magazines like *Creepy, Eerie, Blazing Combat*, and *Vampirella*.

By the end of the 1960's Frazetta was one of the most highly paid and sought-after painters in the publishing business, with some publishers buying his work and then commissioning a writer to create a book based on the painting. Ellie Frazetta, realizing the quality of Frank's work, insisted on getting the original paintings back, thereby establishing a precedent that other artists have followed to this day. Although Frazetta sold a few pieces here and there, he retained almost all of his best work, including the Conan paintings, the Warren covers, and book and magazine covers for the vast range of other publishers he subsequently worked with. A number of his paperback covers were eventually reused as album covers for groups like Molly Hatchet, Dust, Nazareth, Wolfmother, and Yngwie Malmsteen, and Frazetta also did a handful of cover paintings for comedy albums by Jonathan Winters and other 60's comedians. Some of his movie poster art as subsequently reused for the movies' soundtrack albums as well.

His success continued throughout the 1970s, with Ace Books commissioning a second series of Edgar Rice Burroughs covers that allowed the painter to revisit several books that he had previously illustrated as well as fashioning new Burroughs images. His association with Burroughs went even further in the 1980s when the Science Fiction Book Club asked him to do a series of prints of Tarzan and Martian Canal Warriors and interior illustrations, including a rare wraparound cover. These paintings are thought by many Burroughs fans to be the definitive Mars images. Bantam Books also put out the first volume of The Fantastic Art of Frank Frazetta, which was one of the best-selling art books of all time and was followed by four subsequent volumes featuring Frazetta's paintings, illustrations, and occasional comic book pages. Frazetta also contributed covers to magazines as diverse as *The National Lampoon, High Times, Heavy Metal, Monster Mania*, and many others. In the early 1980s, animator Ralph Bakshi convinced Frazetta to team up and the pair formed *Fire and Ice*, a full-length animated film based on Frazetta's paintings. Frazetta co-produced the film, designed it and did key illustrations for the animators. Despite Frazetta's involvement and his considerable fan base, the film only did middling business, but the result is a remarkably entertaining film and a true work of Frazetta's imagery. In 1984, Frazetta set up the first Frazetta Museum in Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania, where he had lived since the late 1960s. This small museum housed the bulk of his collection, including all of his most famous works. Years later, a fire gutted the structure, but thankfully, Frazetta's paintings were not inside. The Frazettas eventually built a small museum on their property that was open to the public. In 2003, filmmaker Lance Laspina made *Painting With Fire*, a documentary about Frazetta that stands as the best historical testament of his work. Despite a misdiagnosed thyroid condition that brought the artist to the brink of suicide and left him weak-willed, and then a series of strokes in the early 2000s, Frazetta persevered. When the strokes left him with diminished strength and control in his right arm, he compensated by learning how to paint with his left hand. Frazetta was nothing if not tough. His beloved Ellie died last year, but Frank Frazetta is survived by his sons, Alfonso Frank (known as Frank, Jr.), Billy, his daughters Heidi, and Holly, and 11 grandchildren on whom he doted.

If there is an artist's Valhalla (and I hope there is), I'm sure that when Frazetta arrives there, he will have an honored place at the table between Michelangelo to the left and Mahlon Cashfi, with the great Alex Raymond and old pal Roy Krenkel close at hand. You were one-of-a-kind, Frank, and it's an undeniable fact that there will *never* be another Frazetta. God speed, old friend. You will be greatly missed.

"Frank Frazetta was one of the true creative geniuses of the second half of the twentieth century…One cannot help but be in awe at the sheer amount of significant work Frazetta has contributed to modern culture and art history. Countless unforgettable images have burned Frazetta into the very visual fabric of modern society. His true legacy will be his placement in the great art tradition that extends back to the caves of Lascaux. He established a level of excellence that hundreds of other artists aspire to. The world has lost one of its great treasures."
– Frazetta expert and family friend Dr. David Winiewicz

Fluorescent Black

Fluorescent Black takes the reader into the hard-hitting dark future of South East Asia where gene-tech has divided humankind into two races: the rich, healthy Superiors and the sick, crazy Inferiors. These two races live in neighboring cities separated by a heavily fortified border.

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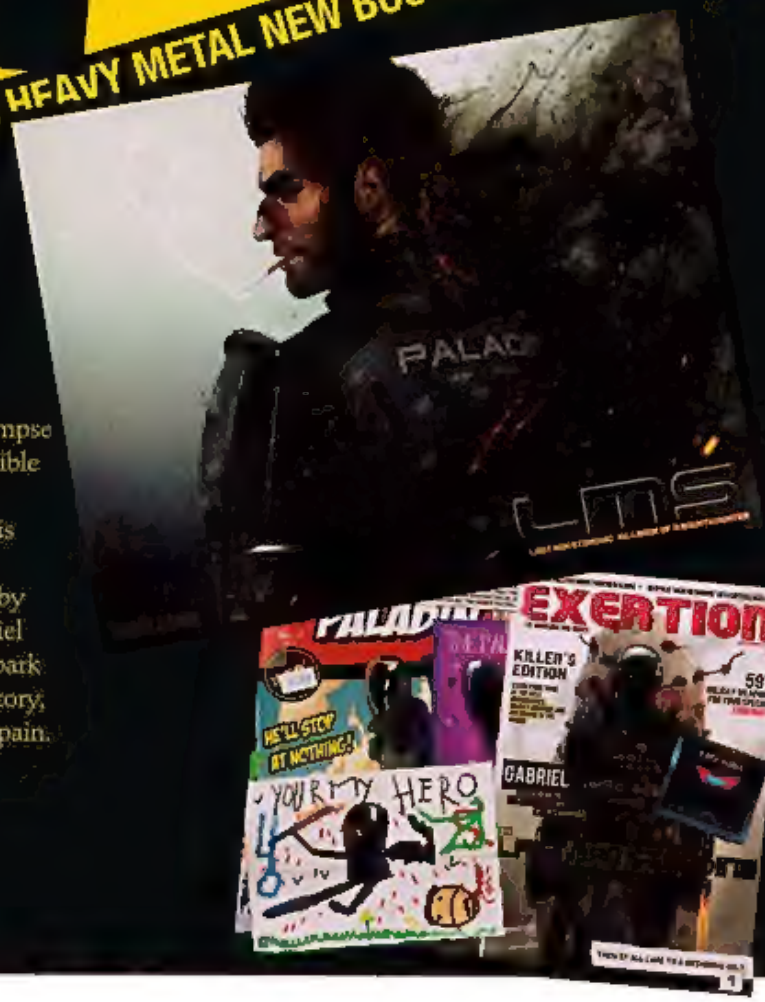

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ANDREW "BONES" JONES

GALLERY

Website: www.artbybones.com

I'm a freelance digital illustrator living in Manchester, England. Growing up in the 80s and early 90s I loved all those hyperrealist, paint and airbrush works that looked so tangible and real, but were filled with the fantastic and impossible. It seemed like the artists could somehow take a camera right into their imaginations, and from that standpoint the possibilities seemed limitless. Artists including Drew Struzan, Bob Wakelin, Dermot Power and Glenn Fabry seemed like gods to me, and really influenced the direction my art initially took. These days I use what I've learned as a springboard to explore fantasy and Sci-Fi, surrealism, pinup art, and any combination of the above.

"OOPSIE!
DID I DO THAT?"

DANGER

Melanie Delon

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The Sun Will Die Blind

DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHY YOU ARE NOT SUPPOSED TO LOOK DIRECTLY AT THE SUN?
THERE IS OF COURSE THE USUAL REASON THE ONE PASSED ON GENERATION AFTER GENERATION
BUT HAVE YOU ACTUALLY MET OR KNOWN OF ANYONE WHO HAS TRIED IT
NO I KNOW THE TRUTH THEY ARE TRYING TO KEEP FROM US, FOR I ALONE HAVE GAZED UPON THE SHINING ORB
AND LOOKING AT THE LIGHT SHOWED ME THE LIGHT
I HAVE REGRETTED IT EVER SINCE
ECA
1

WHO I AM OR WAS OR WHAT I DID IN LIFE IS QUITE INCONSEQUENTIAL
SIMPLY KNOW THAT I HAD BEEN GROWING MORE AND MORE RESTLESS IN A WORLD THAT WAS MAKING LESS AND LESS SENSE TO ME EACH DAY

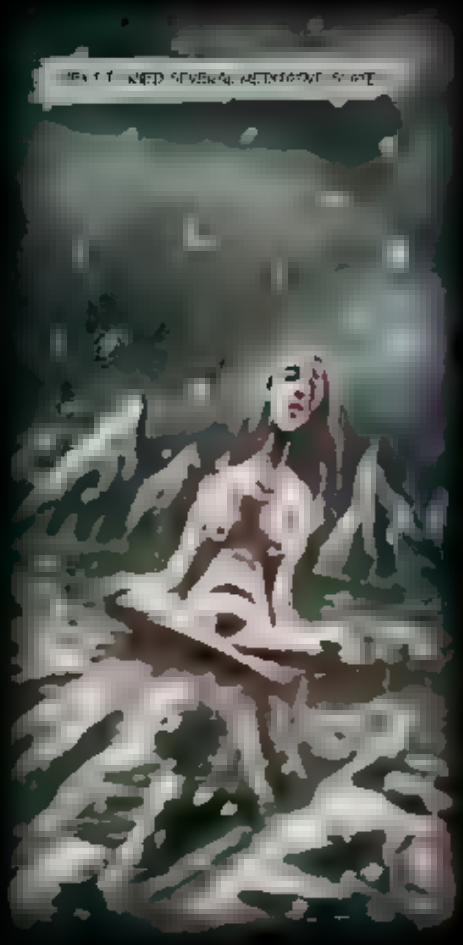
SO MUCH COULD NOT BE EXPLAINED OR UNDERSTOOD. WHETHER YOU BASE YOUR FAITH IN SCIENCE OR IN RELIGION. SO MUCH RELIED ON APPEARANCES, ON SKIN DEEP STANDARDS

WITH THIS MINDSET I WENT ON A PILGRIMAGE OF SORTS

SAMPLED SEVERAL "REMEDIES" THAT CHANGED AT LEAST MY SUPPOSEDLY DERANGED STATE OF MIND
THE FIRST ONE THE MOST OBVIOUS OF ALL DRUGS TO MOVE ME

IF ONLY SOMEBODY REMOVED ME FROM MYSELF

I WAS TOLD


I TRIED SEVERAL METAPHYSICAL SCHOOLS

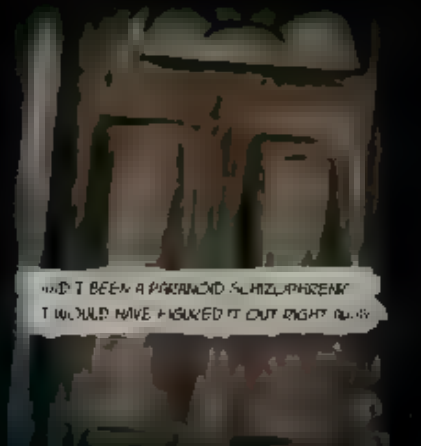
SUBLIMATION MIND CONTROL TECHNIQUES
BIO-FEEDBACK AND THE LIKE
ALL THOSE POSSIBLY GAVE ME A BETTER UNDERSTANDING OF MY BODY AND SELF BUT NOT OF WHAT I TRULY SOUGHT

OF THAT REALM WHICH IS OUTSIDE THE BODY

SO-CALLED THINKERS, PSYCHOANALYSTS WISE MEN OR RELIGIOUS LEADERS AND ASSORTED NUTS WERE ABLE TO GIVE ME ACCEPTABLE INSIGHT

THEM THE PROBLEM LIED WITH ME SOMEHOW

IT TURNED OUT THE PROBLEM NEVER WAS WITH ME BUT WITH THE WORLD ITSELF


HAD I BEEN A PARANOID SCHIZOPHRENIC I WOULD HAVE FIGURED IT OUT RIGHT AWAY

EVENTUALLY SOME ODD COMPULSION AT THE CORE OF MY BEING LED ME TO GO SIT IN THE DESERT AND STARE AT THE SUN
COMMUNING WITH WHAT ONCE WAS THE ORIGINAL DEITY FOR MANY CULTURES
HOW LONG HE AND I LOOKED AT EACH OTHER I COULD NOT TELL YOU
BUT BASED ON THE EMACIATED STATE AND DEHYDRATION OF MY BODY AFTER THE EXPERIENCE IT CERTAINLY MUST HAVE BEEN A SIGNIFICANT AMOUNT OF TIME

BUT SUCH WAS MY TIREDNESS THAT IT
IT'S ONLY LATER THAT IT DAWNED ON ME
WHEN I CAME OUT OF THAT SEMI-TRANCE MY SURROUNDINGS SEEMED SOMEWHAT SURREAL
UPON EMERGING FROM THE DESERT I HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO
OGNIZE THAT SOMETHING WAS INHERENTLY WRONG WITH THE WORLD
UNDERSTAND ME HERE. NOT WITH ME, BUT WITH THE WORLD
FINALLY I HAD REALIZED THAT

WHAT I BEHELD IN TOWN SHOULDN'T HAVE MADE ANY SENSE, NOT TO ME
NOTHING
THERE WAS NOTHING TO SEE WITH MY EYES ONLY
RETINAS THAT FILTERED THE VISUAL INFORMATION WE COLLECT
THERE WAS NO SUCH A BLOCK IN THE BRAIN THAT DOULD THE OTHER
SENSES AND FORCES THEM INTO FOLLOWING WHAT OUR FOOLED SENSE OF SIGHT DICTATES
HOW ELSE WOULD WE DEAL WITH THE CONFLICTING INFORMATION?
WHEN THE SUN BURNED THAT LAYER ON MY EYES IT ALSO FREED MY MIND

WHAT WE THINK IS STRAIGHT OR PERPENDICULAR
THAT WE MEASURE TO BE SO, I KNOW IT IS NOT
WHEN WE THINK WE ARE A CERTAIN
COLOR OR SHAPE WE ARE WRONG
WE HAVE TENTACLES SPROUTING FROM THE BACK OF THE BRAIN THAT
SEEM TO EMIT AS WELL AS RECEIVE SOME SORT OF VISIBLE RADIATION
I HAVE BECOME CONVINCED THAT WE HAVE EITHER BEEN ALTERED OR DESIGNED THAT WAY AND HAVE
BEEN GIVEN HORSE BLINDERS THAT PREVENT US FROM SEEING THE REALITY OF OUR CONDITION
TO KEEP US BLIND, STUPID AND HAPPY
GOVERNMENTS DIDN'T INVENT
ANYTHING AFTER ALL

BUT WHY WILL YOU ASK? FOR WHAT REASON?
A PORTION OF WHAT WE SEE AS REAL HAPPENS TO BE SO. SO WHY GO THROUGH THE TROUBLE OF FILTERING SOME BUT NOT ALL OF THE INFORMATION?
I DON'T HAVE AN ANSWER AND CAN ONLY CONJECTURE
ARE WE CATTLE?
AN EXPERIMENT?
MAYBE THAT STRANGE WRITING AT THE BACK OF OUR EYELIDS. WHAT DO SEE AS LITTLE TWINKLING STARS WHEN YOU CLOSE YOUR EYES BUT STILL LOOK. MAYBE THAT IS A MESSAGE OF SOME SORT TO US
OR IT MAY JUST BE OUR BRANDING
WHO KNOWS?
WHO IS EVER GOING TO BELIEVE ME ANYWAY?
IN THE REALM OF THE BLIND I

FLUORESCENT 黑 BLACK

CONCLUSION:
THE FUTURE IS SO BRIGHT...

JUSTIN ROBINSON

IS SOMETHING WRONG MAX?
EVERYTHING IS WRONG. THINGS NEVER GO RIGHT FOR ME. MY BAD LUCK, HEH?
BEEN APART FROM BLUE THIS LONG. I CAN ALWAYS FEEL HER CLOSE TO ME. NOT ANYMORE
I THINK MAYBE SOMETHING HAPPEN TO HER. MAYBE MR. NO-NAME ANGRY BECAUSE I TAKE TOO LONG TO MAKE THE TRADE
I SHOULDN'T HAVE WAITED SO LONG
MAYBE THEY KILL HER ALREADY
NO CHOICE NOW
NINA, YOUR DOCTOR SAY IF I GIVE YOU TO USEN, THEY WILL HURT YOU, KILL YOU. RIGHT?
WE NEVER GAVE YOU A FAIR CHANCE. SO NOW, YOU GOT ONE WAY OUT. YOU PICK UP THAT GUN, YOU KILL ME. YOU GO FREE
KLAK
YOU WANT TO SURVIVE. YOU DO WHAT YOU HAVE TO.
MY MOM TOLD ME THAT, LONG TIME AGO
I KNOW. I REMEMBER.
SHE ALSO SAID WHAT YOU DO IN LIFE MAKES YOU WHO YOU ARE

YEAH, WE ALL GOT OUR PROBLEMS HEH!
SHAK
I REMEMBER THE FIRST TIME I WAS AFRAID OF ANOTHER HUMAN BEING.
PHFF

WITH ONE NEEDLE FULL OF BLOOD, THE DGR DOCTORS COULD CONDEMN YOUR LIFE.
NO, MOMMY
DON'T WORRY, WE HAVE SIXTY DAYS. WE'LL FIX IT
MAX HAVE YOU FELT ANY SPASMS OR DIFFICULTY SWALLOWING?
IT SAYS HERE THE PROBLEM IS IN CHROMOSOME 180.
HOW MUCH FOR ALL OF IT?
YOU CAN'T JUST FIX PART OF IT YOU HAVE TO COMPLETELY OVERHAUL THE WHOLE SEQUENCE.
$400,000 DOLLARS. IF YOU GO INTO J6 IT MAY BE CHEAPER.
ALL TREATMENTS FOR GENETIC CORRECTION WERE VERY EXPENSIVE AND HAD MANY PREREQUISITES.
ALL HE NEEDS IS THE DYSTONIA FIX!

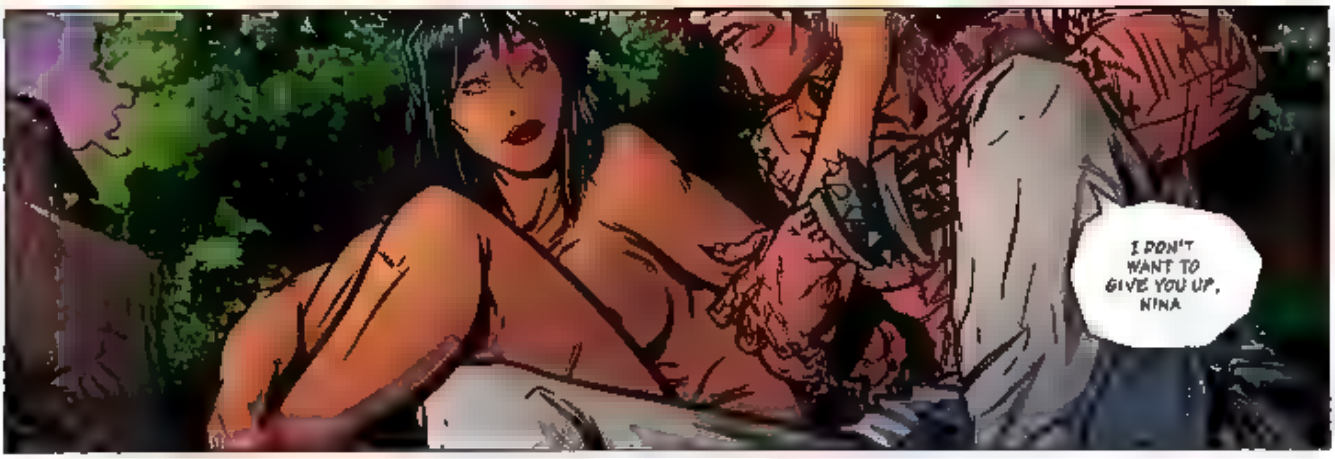
AS STANDARDS ROSE, IT BECAME HARDER TO MEET THEM. ESPECIALLY IF YOU WERE BEHIND THE CURVE.
WE NEED TO FIX HIS CHROMOSOME 8Q
SO SORRY MADAM. BUT NO CRACK ON THE CODE FOR THOSE DESIGNS
ALL THE NEW GENOMES WERE ENCRYPTED.
WITHOUT INHIBITOR ENZYMES YOU COULD NOT DUPLICATE THEM.
IF YOU WANT WE GOT A "LOBANG" A BOOTLEG FIX. BUT MUST WARN YOU FIRST... TUMORS COULD DEVELOP YOU WANT TRY?
NO WE'LL FIND ANOTHER WAY
THE CORPORATIONS DID IT TO PROTECT THEIR INTERESTS.
THEY WANT TO PATENT DNA! OUR GENETICS ARE GOD'S DESIGN! NOT THEIRS! THEY CAN'T OWN OUR GENOME!
IT BELONGS TO ALL MANKIND!
FREE THE GENE
FREE THE GENE
FREE THE GENE
FREE THE G
HUMANITY WAS NOT FREE FROM MARKET LOGIC.

THAT HAS A VALUE, HAS A COST.
NOTHING IS EVER FREE.

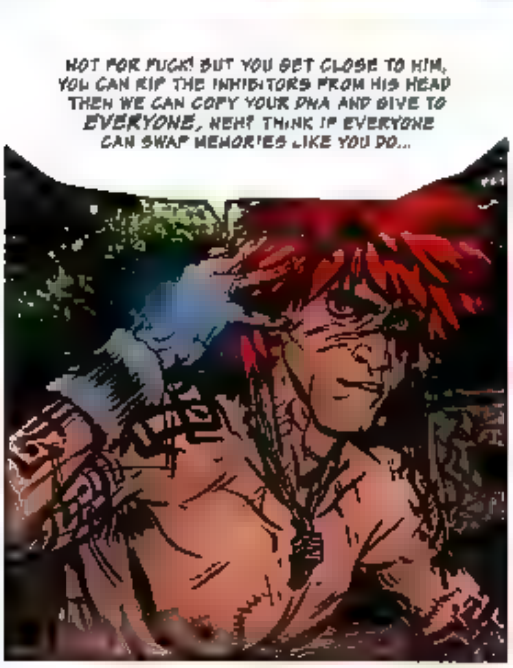
IT'S SO BEAUTIFUL

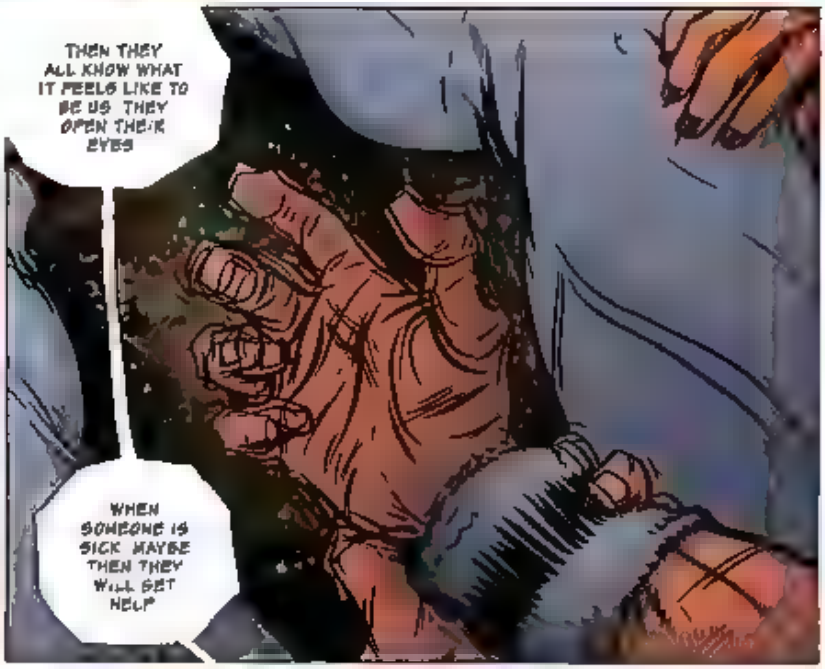
YOU AND I SEE THINGS VERY DIFFERENT EVERYTHING LOOK SO UGLY TO ME PEOPLE KILLING EACH OTHER. STREETS FULL OF GROTTY BODIES AND SICK PEOPLE PARASITES AND BUGS AND SHIT EVERYWHERE
AND THE CARROTS-- PUTTING PRICE TAGS ON PEOPLE
THIS PLACE SICKER DEN WE ARE

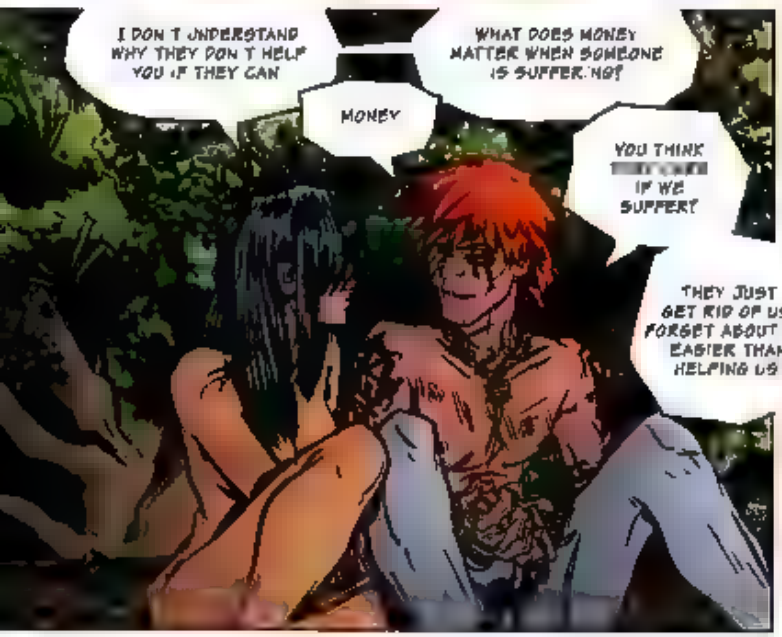
ALL THE THINGS I WANTED I NEVER GOT
WHAT DO YOU WANT?


I DON'T WANT TO GIVE YOU UP, NINA

WHO THE CHIEF SCIENCE OFFICER AT UGENT
DR ANJA RUPENDER YOU THINK HE MIGHT HELP US?


NOT FOR FUCK! BUT YOU GET CLOSE TO HIM, YOU CAN RIP THE INHIBITORS FROM HIS HEAD THEN WE CAN COPY YOUR DNA AND GIVE TO EVERYONE, NEH? THINK IF EVERYONE CAN SWAP MEMORIES LIKE YOU DO...


THEN THEY ALL KNOW WHAT IT FEELS LIKE TO BE US THEY OPEN THEIR EYES
WHEN SOMEONE IS SICK MAYBE THEN THEY WILL GET HELP


I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY THEY DON'T HELP YOU IF THEY CAN
MONEY
WHAT DOES MONEY MATTER WHEN SOMEONE IS SUFFERING?
YOU THINK [redacted] IF WE SUFFER?
THEY JUST GET RID OF US FORGET ABOUT US EASIER THAN HELPING US

MAX COME HERE CLOSE YOUR EYES
CLOSER
THE DRUGS DAMPENED THE TRANSMISSION.

CLOSER
CLOSER
CLOSER
CLOSER

WHAT DID YOU SEE?
I SAW A COLOR. DARK BUT GLOWING, LIKE FLUORESCENT BLACK
WHAT WAS IT?
YOU WERE SEEING THE WORLD THROUGH MY EYES
YOU WERE SO STRANGE AND BEAUTIFUL TO ME.
I WANTED TO FEEL YOU.
BE INSIDE OF YOU.

I WANTED TO BECOME ONE WITH YOU.

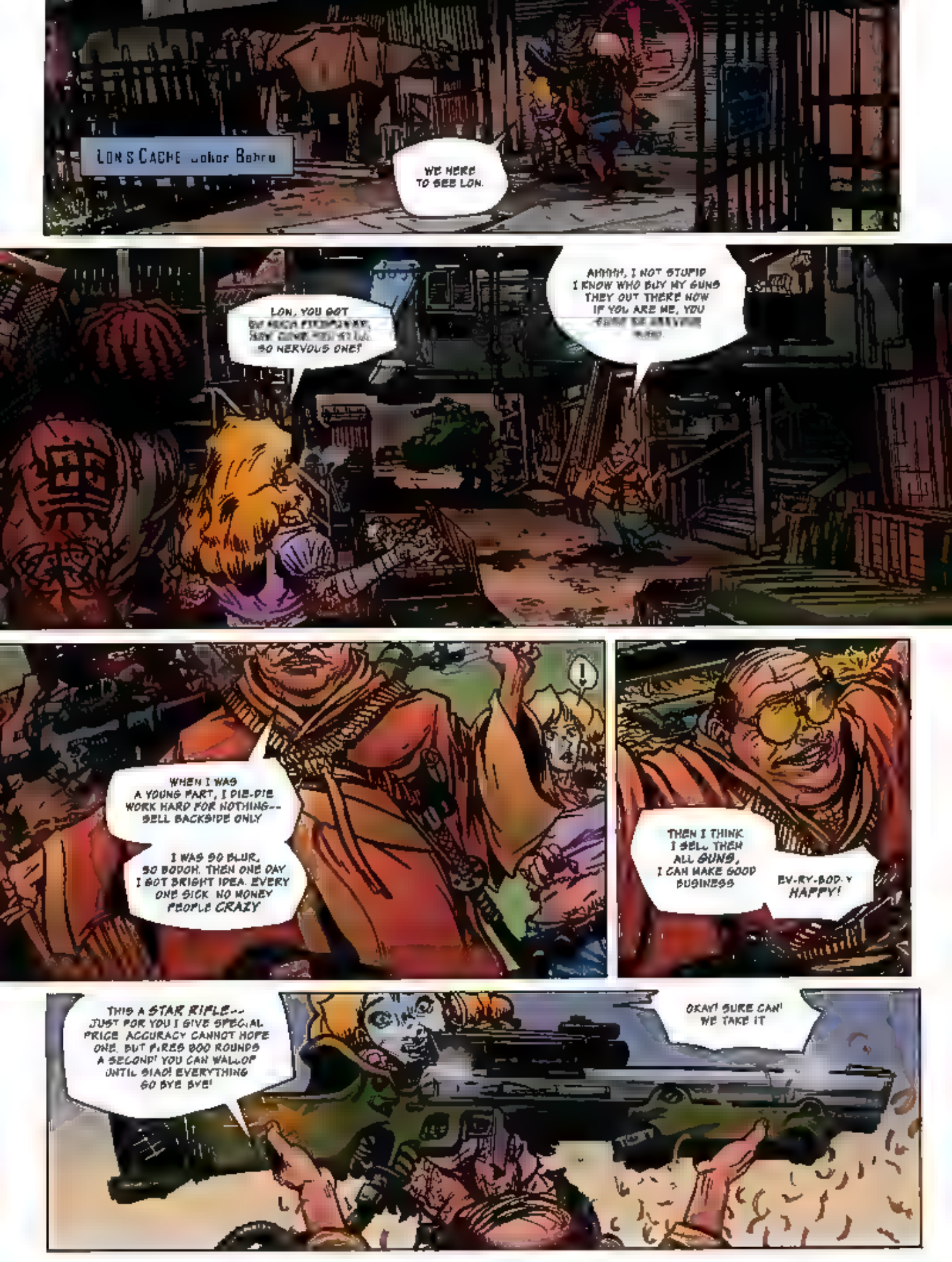
OH NINA, WHAT HAVE WE GOTT TODAY WE HAVE. BUT WHAT IS LEFT TOMORROW? I DUNNO WHAT TO DO

MAYBE [redacted] CONTACT DR RUPINDER? THE DGR PAID STARLET TO FIND ME, SHE COULD SET UP A MEETING

[redacted] DAMN CRAZY, LAH. SHE TRY TO KILL US.
SHE'S TRAPPED-- JUST LIKE YOU, MAX THERE'S PEOPLE SHE CARES ABOUT AND SHE DOES WHAT EVER SHE HAS TO DO [redacted]

TAKE THIS.
YOU TWO GO SEE LON, GET SOME PARTY FAVORS.
WHAT PARTY?
GOING AWAY PARTY
YOU OFF!

I GOT TO TALK TO STARLET AND HER COCKROACHES

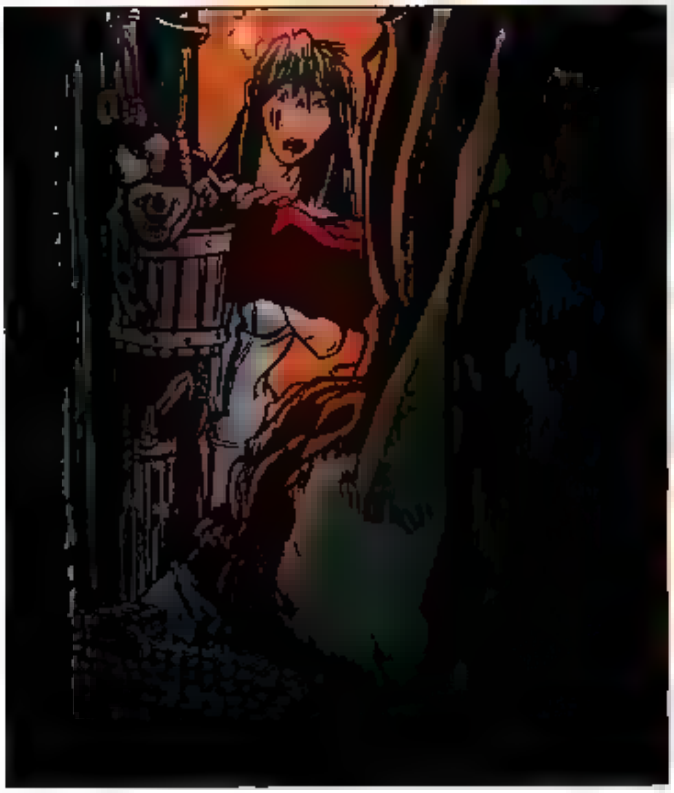

LON'S CACHE Johor Bahru
WE HERE TO SEE LON.
LON, YOU GOT [illegible] SO NERVOUS ONE?
AHHHH, I NOT STUPID I KNOW WHO BUY MY GUNS THEY OUT THERE NOW IF YOU ARE ME, YOU [illegible]
WHEN I WAS A YOUNG FART, I DIE-DIE WORK HARD FOR NOTHING-- SELL BACKSIDE ONLY
I WAS SO BLUR, SO BODOH. THEN ONE DAY I GOT BRIGHT IDEA. EVERY ONE SICK NO MONEY PEOPLE CRAZY
THEN I THINK I SELL THEM ALL GUNS, I CAN MAKE GOOD BUSINESS
EV-RY-BOD-Y HAPPY!
THIS A STAR RIFLE-- JUST FOR YOU I GIVE SPECIAL PRICE ACCURACY CANNOT HOPE ONE, BUT FIRES 800 ROUNDS A SECOND! YOU CAN WALLOP UNTIL SIAO! EVERYTHING GO BYE BYE!
OKAY! SURE CAN! WE TAKE IT

THIS IS WHERE SHE LIVES
WE FRIENDS OF STARLET SHE HERE OR NOT?
GET OUT
KSH!
YOU COME TO KILL ME?
KILL, LAH! MY LIFE GOT FUCK-ALL ANYWAY
NO, NOT TODAY WE NEED YOUR HELP

WE NEED [illegible] THE DOR AND SET UP A MEETING WITH DR RUPINDER OF UGEN BIOTECHNOLOGY
TELL THEM YOU HAVE NINA YOU WANT TO HAND OVER.

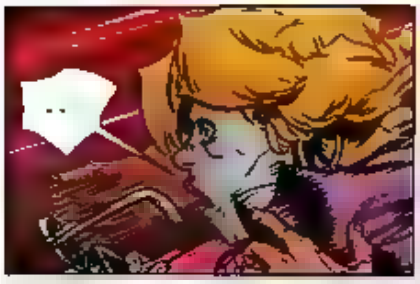
WHY YOU THINK I HELP YOU?
BECAUSE YOU DON WANNA HELP THEM.

IF WE CAN GET ME CLOSE TO DR RUPINDER WE CAN FIX THINGS HELP ALL OF THE PEOPLE OUT HERE
TOO LATE FOR US.



WHAT ABOUT YOUR DAUGHTER KETSAI

SAY HELLO TO OUR NEW SAMSENGS!
!
CREEK


..

?

THEM?! THIS THE FUCK'ING CHEE BA! WHO KILL JIN!
YOU ALSO KILL MY FRIENDS

WE CAN DO BUSINESS NOW!
I SMART BUSINESS LADY! WORK TOGETHER NO PROBLEM!
WE FIGHT TOGETHER
WE MAKE THE CARROTS PAY FOR THE LIVES THEY TOOK FROM US.

WE BRING THEM INTO OUR WORLD MAKE THEM KILL EACH OTHER FOR A CHANGE

WE GOT THIRTY MINUTES
IT'S STRANGE HOW NATURE BALANCES ITSELF.
WE SMOKE SOME FLOWER FIRST, LAH. COOL OUR HEADS A BIT?
AT FIRST, WE ALL GOT SCARED WHEN THE FLOWER GREW OUT OF CONTROL.
ITS POLLEN MADE PEOPLE DIZZY. ITS LEAVES SPREAD RASHES.
BUT THERE WAS A GOOD REASON FOR ITS EXISTENCE.
THE SMOKE FROM ITS PETALS DAMPENED PAIN AND ANXIETY.

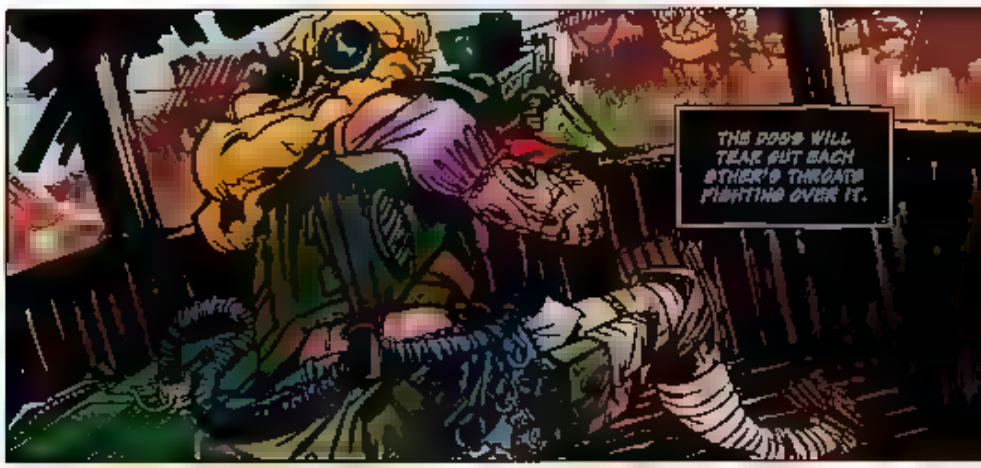
SWAP MEET

WANT WHAT YOU WANT ENTENBION GREAT PLASTIC PENIS PUMP!
GOT LIVE ANIMALS! SUPER RARE KINDS!
CAN ADD HUMAN GENITALIA FOR SMA... COST!
WE SELL PEOPLE! YOUNG AND OLD!
CHEAP GEHR CODES! RIBO-COCKTAILS!

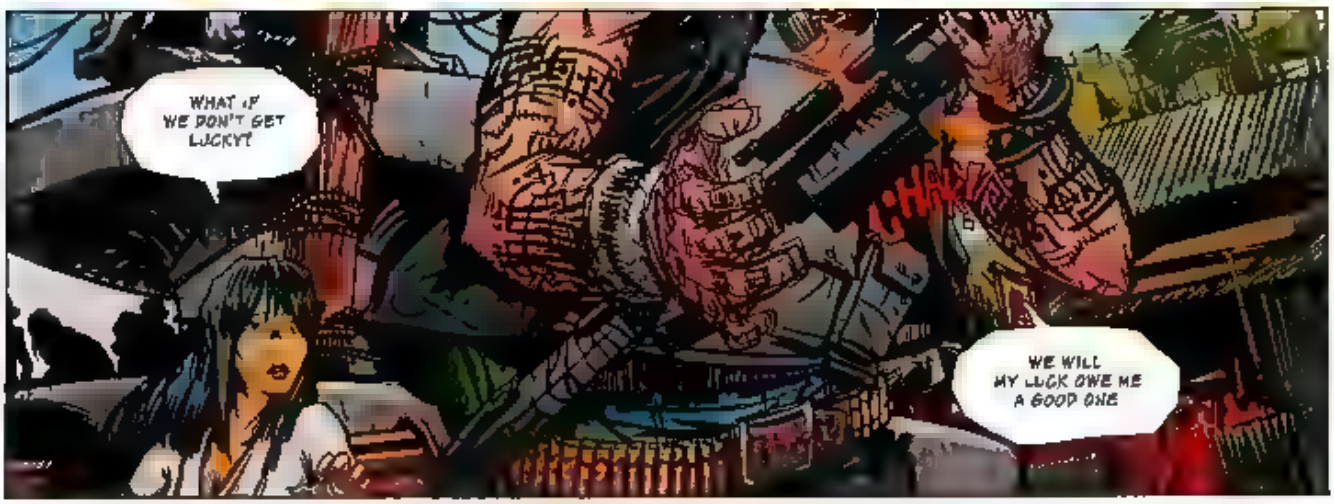
THIS WHERE WE MEET THEM.
SURROUND THIS SPOT
COME & GOME
WHAT IS GOING TO HAPPEN?
IF WE GET LUCKY, THE CARROTS WILL FIGHT OVER YOU. THEN WE CLEAN UP THE MESS HAH!

THROW A KITTEN INTO A PACK OF HUNGRY STREET DOGS.

KA-


THE DOGS WILL TEAR OUT EACH OTHER'S THROATS FIGHTING OVER IT.

AT THE END, THE KITTEN IS THE ONLY THING THAT IS LEFT ALIVE.

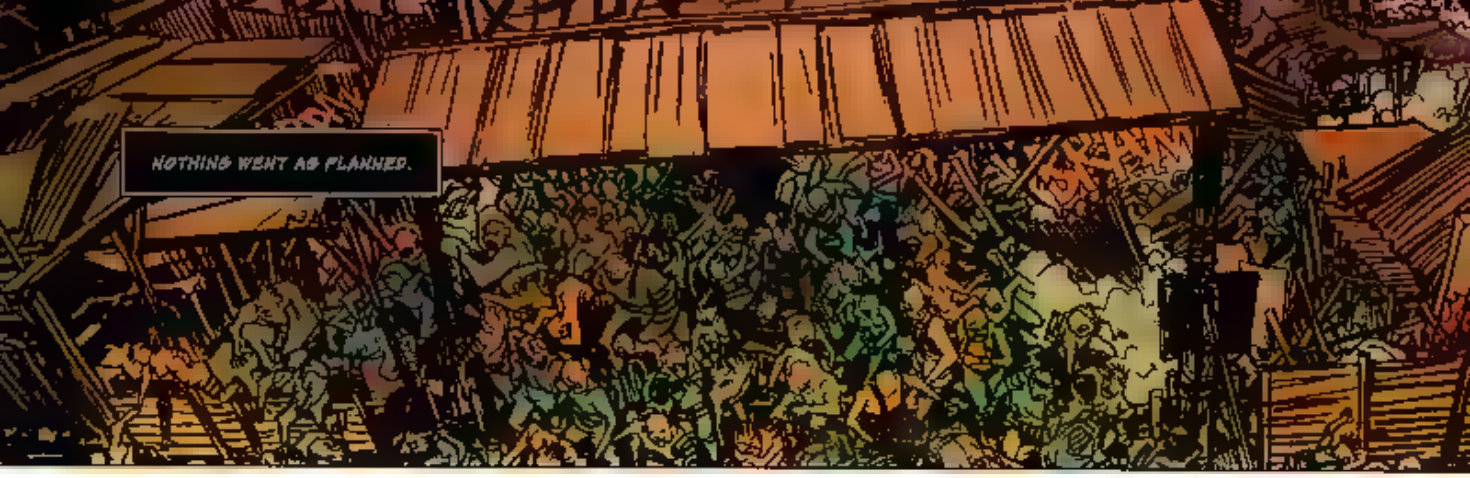

WHAT IF WE DON'T GET LUCKY?
CHK!
WE WILL MY LUCK OWE ME A GOOD ONE

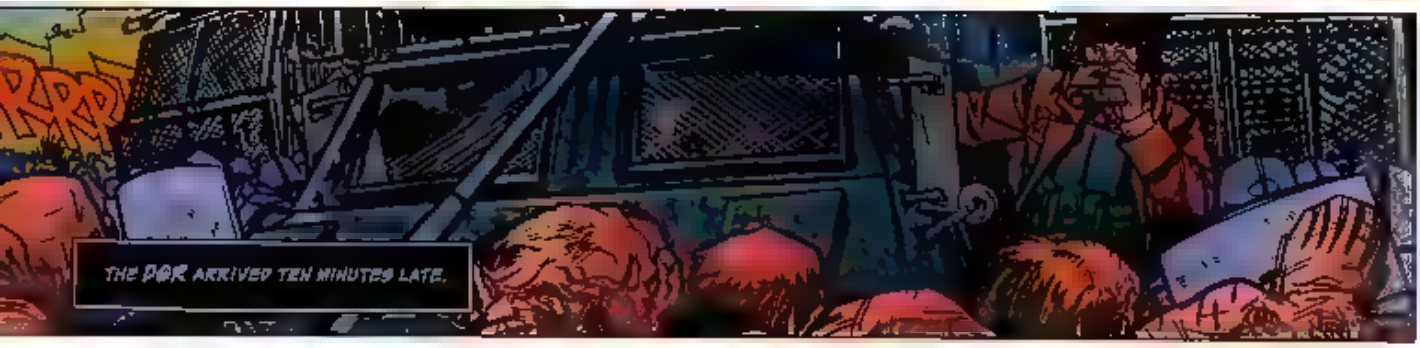
I'M GONNA TAKE THE FLANK BE READY ON MY MARK
RRRR!!!
KLAK
STAY THERE WE GOT ITCHY TRIGGERS
YOU BRING THE MONEY?
HERE'S YOUR MONEY $300,000 DOLLARS.
YOU TAKE OFF THE HOOD FIRST... I WAN' SEE BLUE'S FACE.
HERE IS YOUR SISTER NOW, HAND OVER THE GIRL

THAT'S NOT HER! THAT'S A DUPE!
WHAT WAS THE PRICETAG ON BLUE'S LIFE!
WHERE IS SHE!? WHAT DID YOU DO TO HER!?!
MORE THAN AN ARM AND A LEG.
YOU KILLED HER!!
ALL THE BLOOD IN THE WORLD COULD NOT LEVEL THE DEBT.

STAY WITH ME!
TWO BULLETS AND YOU STILL HUNGRY EHH?!! I MAKE YOU EAT A FULL CLIP!!!
LAY DOWN COVERING FIRE

I'VE GOT A CLEAR LINE TO THE GIRL GOING IN.
SH
THAT'S RIGHT BREATHE DEEP
HE'S TAKING NINA! STOP HIM!


NOTHING WENT AS PLANNED.

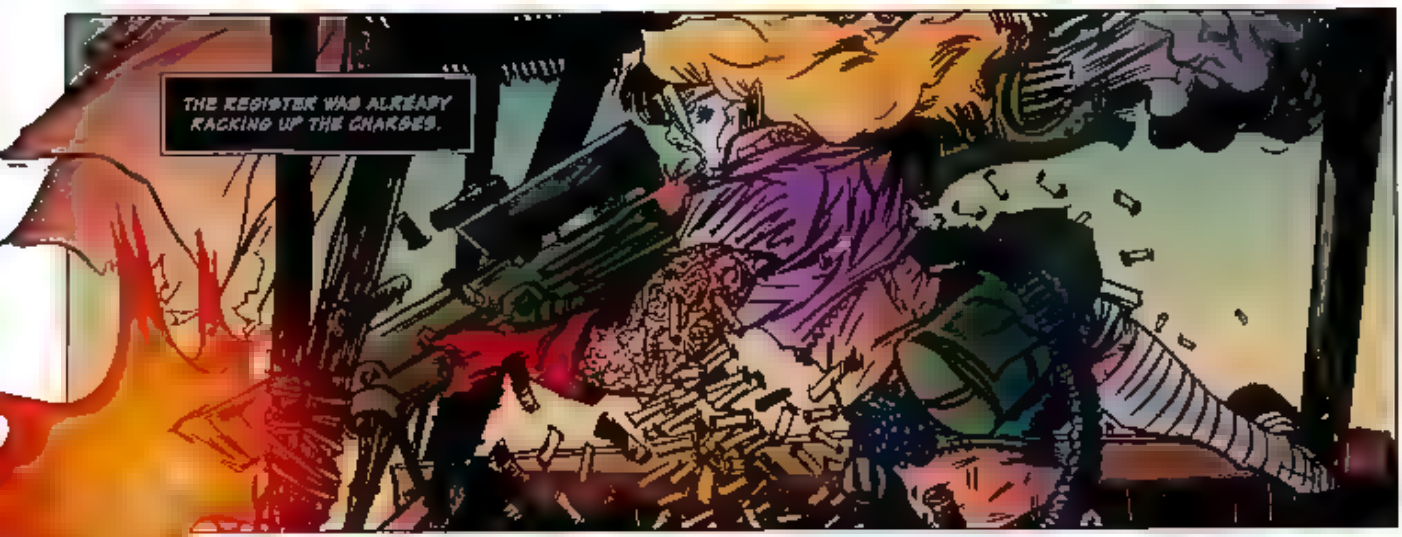

KRRR!
THE DOR ARRIVED TEN MINUTES LATE.

A FIREFIGHT HAD BROKEN OUT INSIDE THE MARKETPLACE
EVERY SECOND COST US.
TAK!

TAKE SOME MEN AND GO FIND NINA.

PUSH THROUGH!

IT ALL ENDS HERE.
SOMEBODY HAD TO PAY FOR IT.


THE REGISTER WAS ALREADY RACKING UP THE CHARGES.

CHI-CHING!
CHI-CHING!
CHI-CHING!
CHI-CHING!
TO BE CONTINUED ON PAGE 95

The Woodsman and the Dryad

SCRIPT: ABRAHAM MARTINEZ
ART: ADRIAN MONTOYA
COLOR: VINICIUS ATANAZIO
LETTERS: JAMF
TRANSLATION: URIEL DURAN

Whan that aprill with his shoures soote
The droghte of march hath perced to the roote
Whan zephirus eek with his sweete breeth
Inspired hath in every holt and heeth
And smale fowe es maken melodye,

- Geoffrey Chaucer (1342-1400)

"Here's a song Stag be s,
Winter snows; Summer goes"
- Anonymous, Ireland
FATHER, LOOK WHAT I DID YESTERDAY
SUCH A GOOD USE FOR A NICE OAKEN BOUGH. AN EFFIGY OF OUR LORD.

FORGIVENESS, SIR, FOR I AM LOST
GOD'S GRACE! WHO'S. ?
AND IT'S SO COLD
I SEE IT'S QUITE LATE AND IT'S NO TIME FOR GOOD SOULS LIKE US TO BE IN THE FOREST
COME, GET WARM IN MY FIRE.
I'LL THANK YOU, SIR.
OH DEAR CHILD!

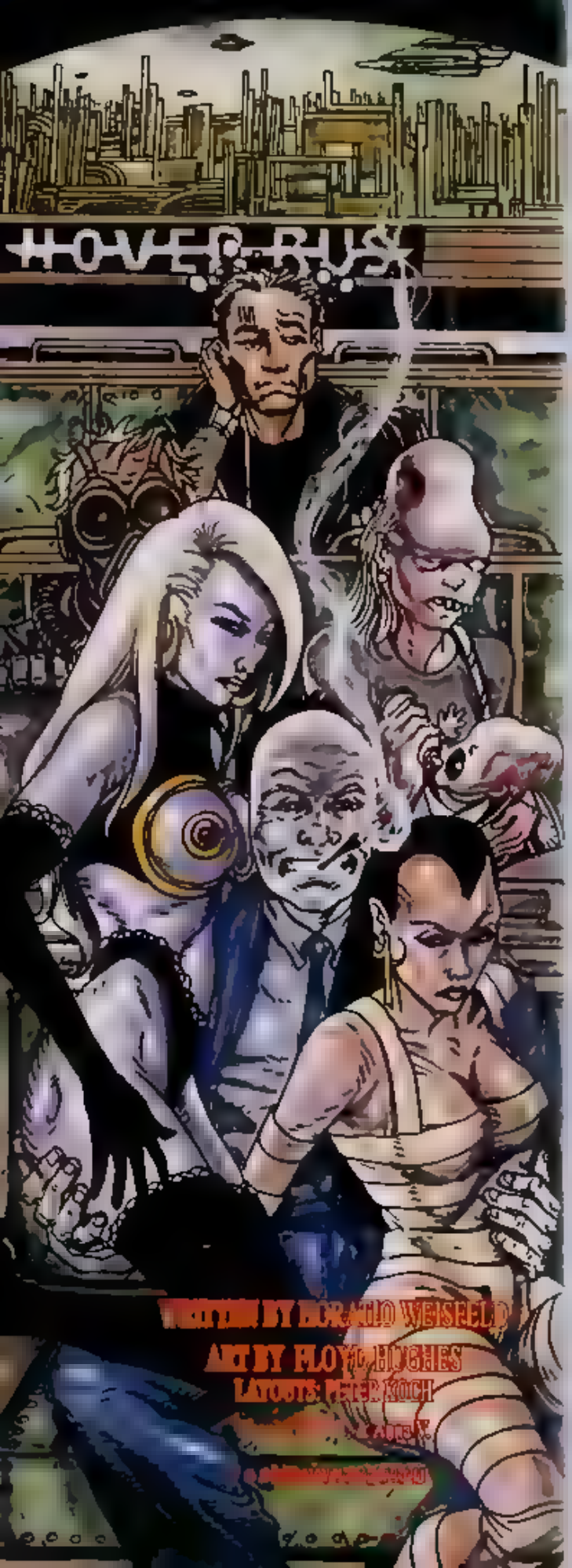
YOU WON'T TELL THIS DOINGS TO NOBODY
WHAT IS DONE IN THE FOREST, THE FOREST MAY JUDGE IT
WELL SAID
FOLLOW ME AND SOON WE SHALL BE AT HOME.
SWEET MOTHER OF GOD... WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO SEE THE LIGHTS OF THE TOWN BY NOW WE WERE HERE LAST NIGHT!
I KNOW

YOU KILLED MY SISTERS IN THIS VERY PLACE
AGH!
YOU WITCH! YOU'RE A SHE-DEVIL!
PEOPLE WHO LIVED HERE BEFORE YOUR KIND USED TO CALL US DRYADS. REPENT, YOU SINNER! YOU'RE ABOUT TO PAY FOR YOUR GUILT.
I'LL KILL YOU FIRST!

THE SAP YOU SPILLED AS BLOOD BLOOD OF YOURS WILL PAY
SHUT UP YOU WITCH!
TCHK-CHK-CHK
HA HA HA HA HA
YOU WON'T SCAPE!
G-CRCK-KSH!
I'LL KILL YOU ALL
WHO'S GONNA DARE TO PUNISH ME...

NOW?!
HELP! HELP!

IT WASN'T ME! IT WAS THE DRYAD'S DEED! I SWEAR TO GOD!
SHUT UP, YOU BLASPHEMOUS!
MERCY! IN THE NAME OF GOD, HAVE MERCY!
AAAHH!
AAAAAAAAAHHHH...!
HELL IS HOTTER, YOU SINNER!
SURELY HE DESERVES TO BE BURNED IN HIS OWN FIREWOOD. THE DEVIL MUST BE INSIDE HIM.
FIN



ICE IN THE FUTURE

I wake up to a baby crying, the city spinning below me, head pounding like a jack hammer. Somebody slipped something in my drink and stole my smokes. I'm sick as a dog.

I've been asleep twelve hours, maybe thirty six. Circling over midtown on the Hover Bus.

Ain't that baby woke me up. It's Wall Street over there, three rows ahead of me, two beautiful clones on his lap and smoking a priceless, factory-rolled, Golden Age Cigarette. Smells like a Chesterfield but could be a Dunhill or even a Winston. Takes a lot of nerve to go smoking in the open like that; must be a Senator's son or something.

People like me spend whole days looking for Cigarettes. That's all I do anymore. And I rarely find anything anywhere near as good as what this guy's got. Before I even opened my eyes, I smelled those aromatic atoms permeating the air. He glances back at me with a smirk. What a shit day.

I drop a cred in the slot, turn on the Vid on the back of the seat in front of me. Too many news channels and all yapping about this oil they found on the moon. Click! Click! Click! I wanna know about the storm down in the Amazon. Will it hit the rebel tobacco fields or remain out at sea? Holy Shit! Newsman says it's become a hurricane and bearing down on the coast.

This salesman next to me leans in, "Will ya go back to the news, buddy?" He's breathing out atoms of sausage and pepper. "This moon thing is hitting the fan, and you're on the gat-dam weather channel." Juice from the sandwhich he's holding drips onto my leg.

The 546th St stop dings. As I get up, salesman jumps in my seat and throws the channel to what he wants.

On the platform I try to follow the weather channel on my holo-watch, but its reception's not the best. The chip was a boot to begin with, and now it's kind of worn out. I can just make out the news guy through the static. He's saying that in a few years, maybe next year, the snow won't be melting anymore on account of chemicals blowing in from Asia. Says North Canada's already got snow drifts piled up like 50-100 feet. He also mentions, Chimba, the last Elephant, has died.

There's another guy in a suit looking over my shoulder, trying to get a gaze at my holo watch as I ride up the escalator. "Hey, what's doing on the moon there, buddy?"

I click off my watch, and I can feel him frown and shrug his shoulders.

behind me

When I get to the street, there's people running around yelling and throwing their hands in the air, "Terrorists!"

"Sneak Attack!"

"50,000, 50,000 dead on the moon!"

Some young guys are chanting angry, patriotic stuff, "We're not going to let them get away with this!" and, "There's gonna be a fuckin' war!" I stop for a quick piss and a car splashes my jacket with oil. What are the odds of that?

I head up the street to where Jimmy Good Rolls is usually hanging around Cat Burger. I was hoping to maybe get some new smokes from him, but all I see is a crowd of strangers staring at another newsman on one of those floating View Screens. Now they got pictures of all these war ships headed to the moon and some retired general's pointing to maps and talking shit

I turn my holo-watch on again. The sun has charged it enough to project a vid call from High Heel Hanna, a tough as nails, stone hearted, blood sucking devil girl Dread the sight of her, and this means I won't have enough juice to keep checking on the hurricane. But Hanna gets some of the best synth-smokes, much better than the cheap lab roll I find on the street. Usually incubated with almond and vanilla genes and sometimes almost as fresh-tasting as the real thing

"So what's up, oh snatch-a'-my-heart? Ya got something for me?"

"You still got that Transcon Auto-tele-pad-ticket?"

- Something I can't remember telling her about and didn't even remember I had.- "You been going though my wallet again?"

"I got some new leaf It's so smooth and rich that the roaches dance when you blow it on them "

Ticket she wants is good for a teleportation to anywhere, anytime, fast I figure who cares about travelin' when there're smokes to be smoked right here

***

Before I reach Hanna's building, I see some burning cars and people trying to overturn more cars. Others are carrying stuff out of smashed store windows. The young are punching the elderly and taking their stuff

There's a mob running down the street toward me, chasing two guys. One of 'em trips, and before he can get up, someone stabs him in the neck A crowd surrounds the fallen man and begins kicking and stomping on him. So many are trying to get the guy that the whole thing starts looking like a crazy dance, and they begin stumbling over one another People's shoes and pants get splattered with the guy's blood and brains More people are yelling and pointing this way from up the street and swarming in.

A few more seconds and my way is blocked by a crowd of tense, angry guys, muttering amongst themselves about what to do next.

Suddenly there's a big noise, and the rocket train comes tumbling down to the street in the distance Everyone starts shouting and running off in that direction, so my way is clear again.

When I step into the lobby of Hanna's building, there's people huddled together listening to the news One guy stammers "The moon. My god It's all blown up " Another guy starts to rant "This city's been targeted There are missiles headed here " So now I figure I better hurry and get up to Hanna's apartment

***

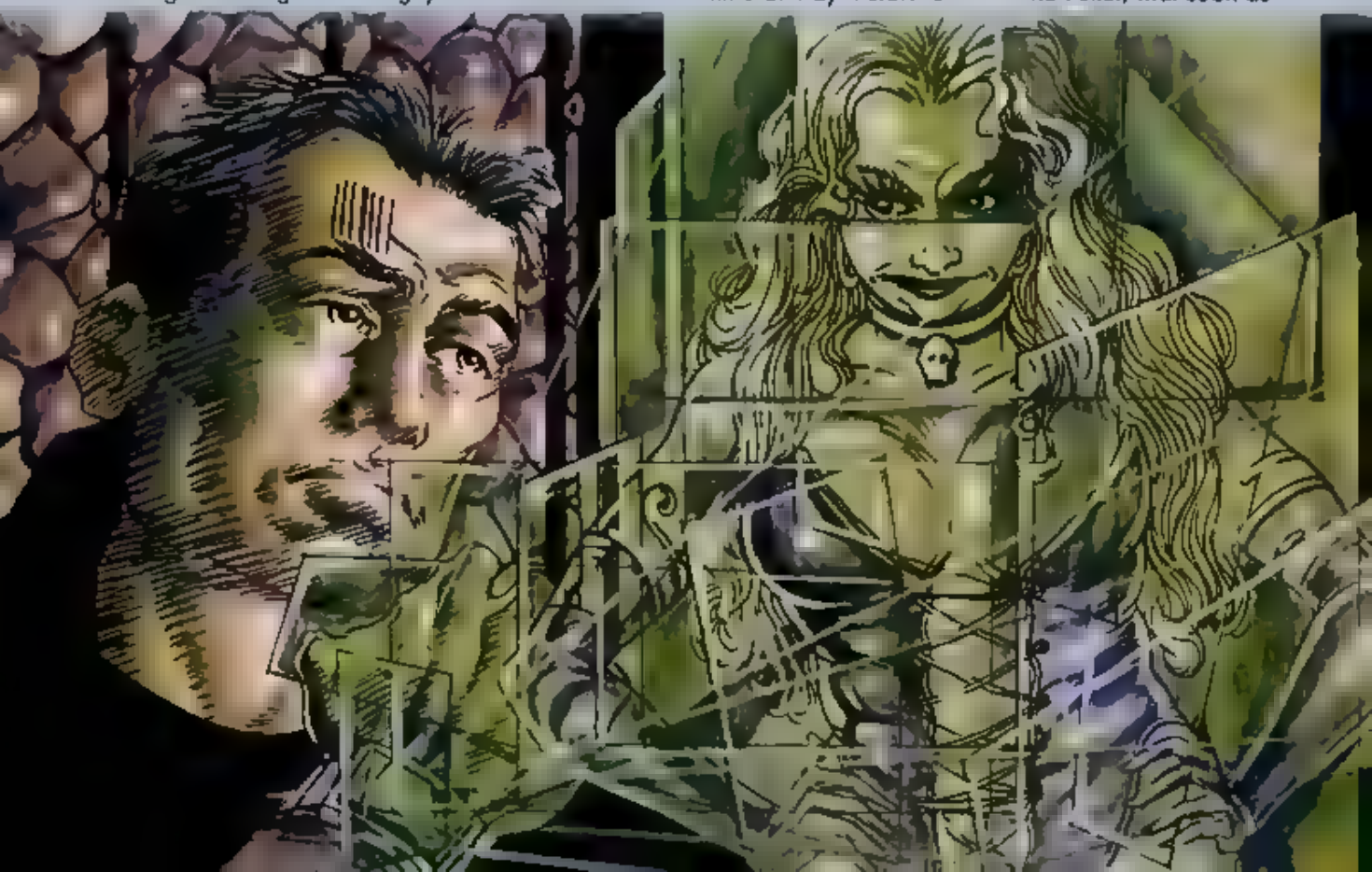
A short guy with elevator shoes answers the door. Hanna's in the bedroom, already packing, makeup all messed up like she's been crying, drinking Hennessey from a fruit jar

"Slugger Go and get the butts, darling " Shorty leaves the room "The good ones for Joe, here! They're where we put 'em You know "

Just a trace of something funny in her voice, but I'm too jonesed out on the idea of getting some butts to think about it She wants to see the stupid ticket in the worst kind of way I start to go into my wallet She seems to lose her train of thought for a minute and starts to say something about how she still thinks about me and the old days, and that she would really dig bar hopping with me again, before she goes on her trip She puts her hand on my leg.

I hear a noise over my shoulder, and as I turn, the fucking little guy's coming at me with something, moving too fast for me to even tell what it is Everything goes white for a second and black after that

I'm down on the floor, and somebody picks up my dropped wallet and goes looking through it I hear Hanna and the Shorty arguing, real upset, cause they thought the ticket was for two, but it says it's only good for one And I hear Hanna swearing, that if he lets her have the ticket, that soon as



she gets to wherever she plans to go, she's going find a way to get more tickets, and she'll come back, and give him one of the ones she got from where she went, so then he'll get to go too.

Then I hear a shot and after that Hanna says, in this kind of whining voice, "How could you?" And I hear a little bit more struggling stuff And The Shorts says, "You fucking bitch," and there's a bunch more shots

I finally pull myself up a little bit, just as Shorts is walking past me, carrying the ticket in his bloody hand. I snatch it away and say, "Somebody's got to give me a smoke "

He points the pistol in my face, but it just keeps clicking He reaches out for the ticket, screaming, "Gimme that."

Something strange goes overhead, above the building, like a jet engine or a freight train from hell!

I keep holding the ticket up, just out of his reach. And he pushes me back, so we wind up out on the terrace, over the river He screams, "Give me that! Give me that!"

I say back: "You got to give me a smoke."

"Please She smoked the last of em. Gimme the ticket "

We're fighting on the ledge and there's a big huge blast off in the distance. Everything gets lit up bright, before the shockwave even hits us, wow! I go tumbling out into space. He screams after me, "Nooooo."

As I fall for what seems like miles, I realize that now they'll be no cigarettes for sure. What a shit day

I hit the water and the ticket goes flying off somewhere. I don't know which is up anymore, so maybe this is IT. But somehow I come to the surface and float away, down the river, into the harbor, and far on into what seems like the sea.

When I look up, the city is small and burning

I see some blazing streaks coming down toward the buildings from the distant sky. There's a slight whistling sound and a blinding light, and a big grey cloud replaces it all. I see some ships, way back there, get knocked over, and this big wind comes blasting by me.

I drift along on some junk, wondering about everything and thinking about what it could all possibly mean. And finally, I just fade to dreams.

***

I wake on a beach, the surf rolling in, dead people and pieces of people washed up on the shore all around me.

I rise and pick through a few pockets, figuring I might be stuck around these parts for a while. The first few are empty, but then I start to score: a pocketknife, some licorice, a wad of money, and two packs of gum

Finally, there's just one mangled, burned leg left, wrapped in half a suit-pants that remind me of Wall Street from the train. Sure enough, I find a beautiful, pristine, vintage Chesterfield, socked away in an water tight case, in the back pocket

I pull up some grass and twigs, strike a spark on a rock, feed the cash to the flames, place the roll between my lips and

ıean in for a l ght
I stare off at the horizon,
blow a few rings and figure
the day actually worked out
al r ght

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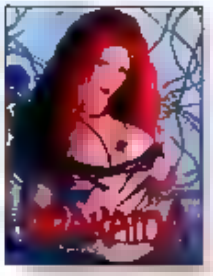
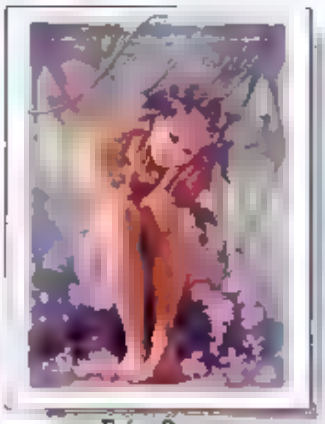

Drakaina

Art of Walter Giotto

Angel Song



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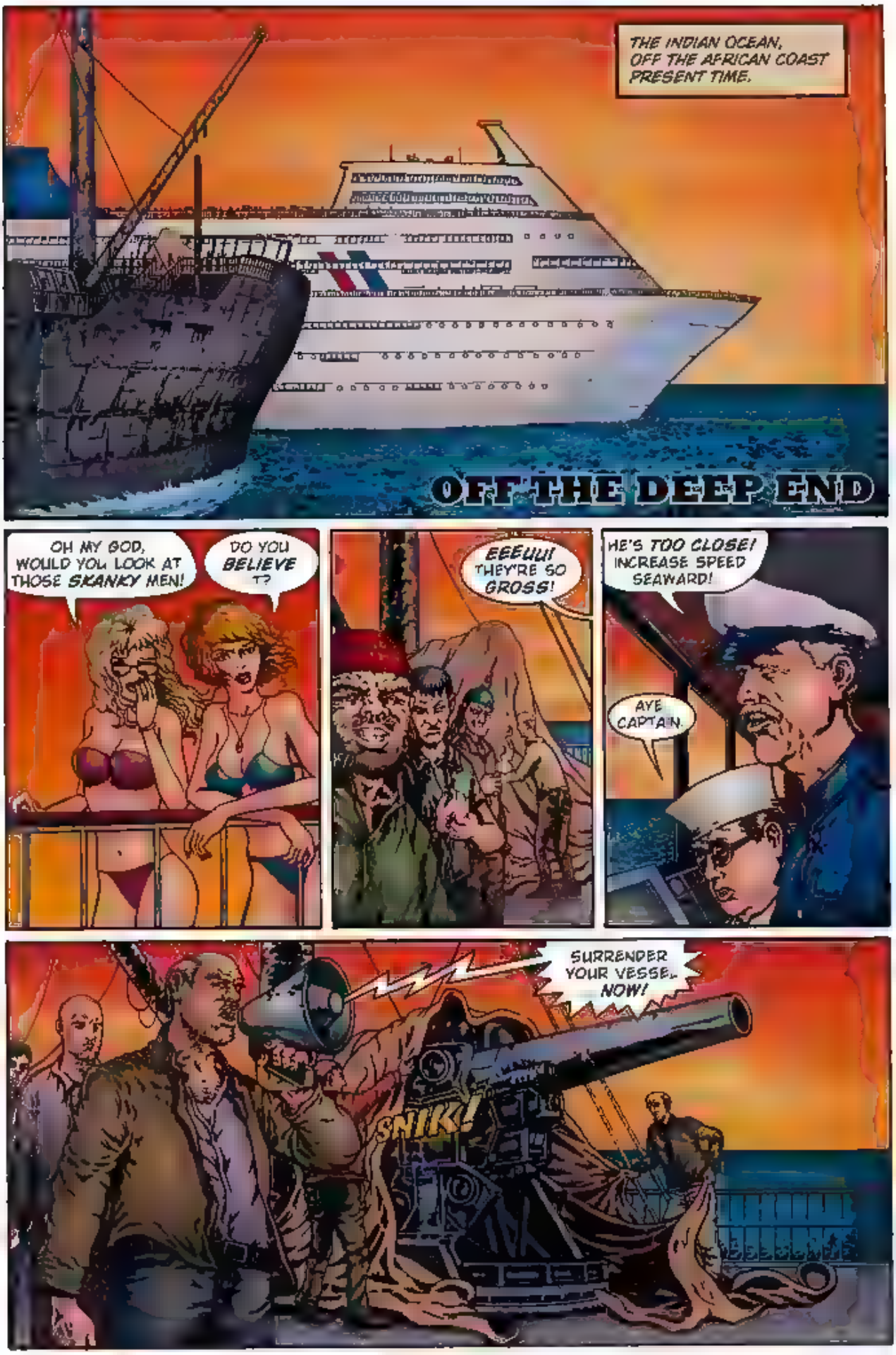
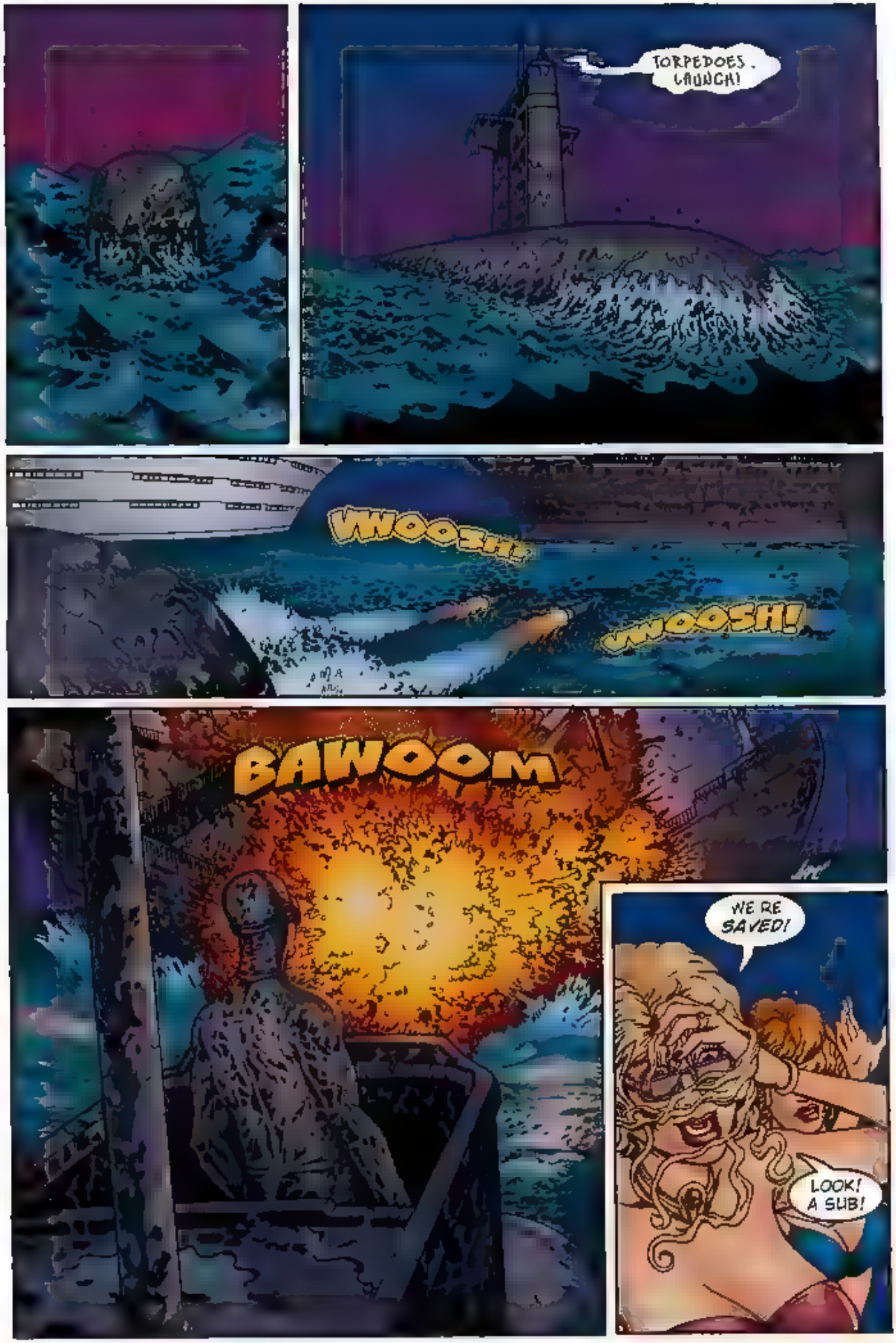

THE INDIAN OCEAN, OFF THE AFRICAN COAST PRESENT TIME.
OFF THE DEEP END
OH MY GOD, WOULD YOU LOOK AT THOSE SKANKY MEN!
DO YOU BELIEVE IT?
EEEUU! THEY'RE SO GROSS!
HE'S TOO CLOSE! INCREASE SPEED SEAWARD!
AYE CAPTAIN
SURRENDER YOUR VESSEL NOW!
SNIK!

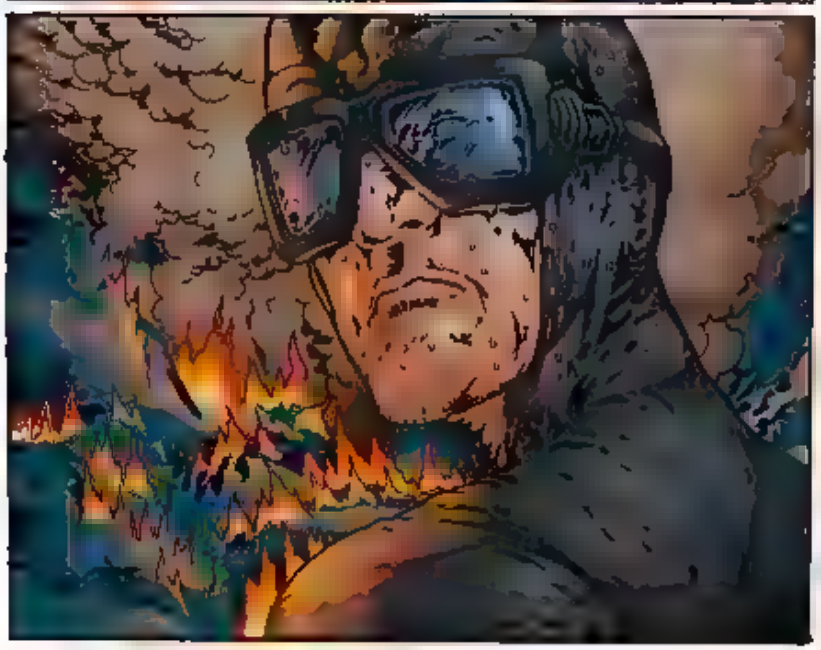
OMIGOD!
THEY HAVE WEAPONS!
KA-THOOM!
BA-WAAM!
AARRGHHHH!
YOU CANNOT FLEE! PREPARE TO BE BOARDED!
THEY'LL MURDER US ALL!
OR WORSE!
M-MAYBE WE CAN STALL THEM. SEND VALUABLES TO THEM ON A LIFEBOAT
ANYTHING TO KEEP THEM OFF THE SHIP AND AWAY FROM THE PASSENGERS!


TORPEDOES. LAUNCH!
WHOOSH!
WHOOSH!
BAWOOM
WE RE SAVED!
LOOK! A SUB!

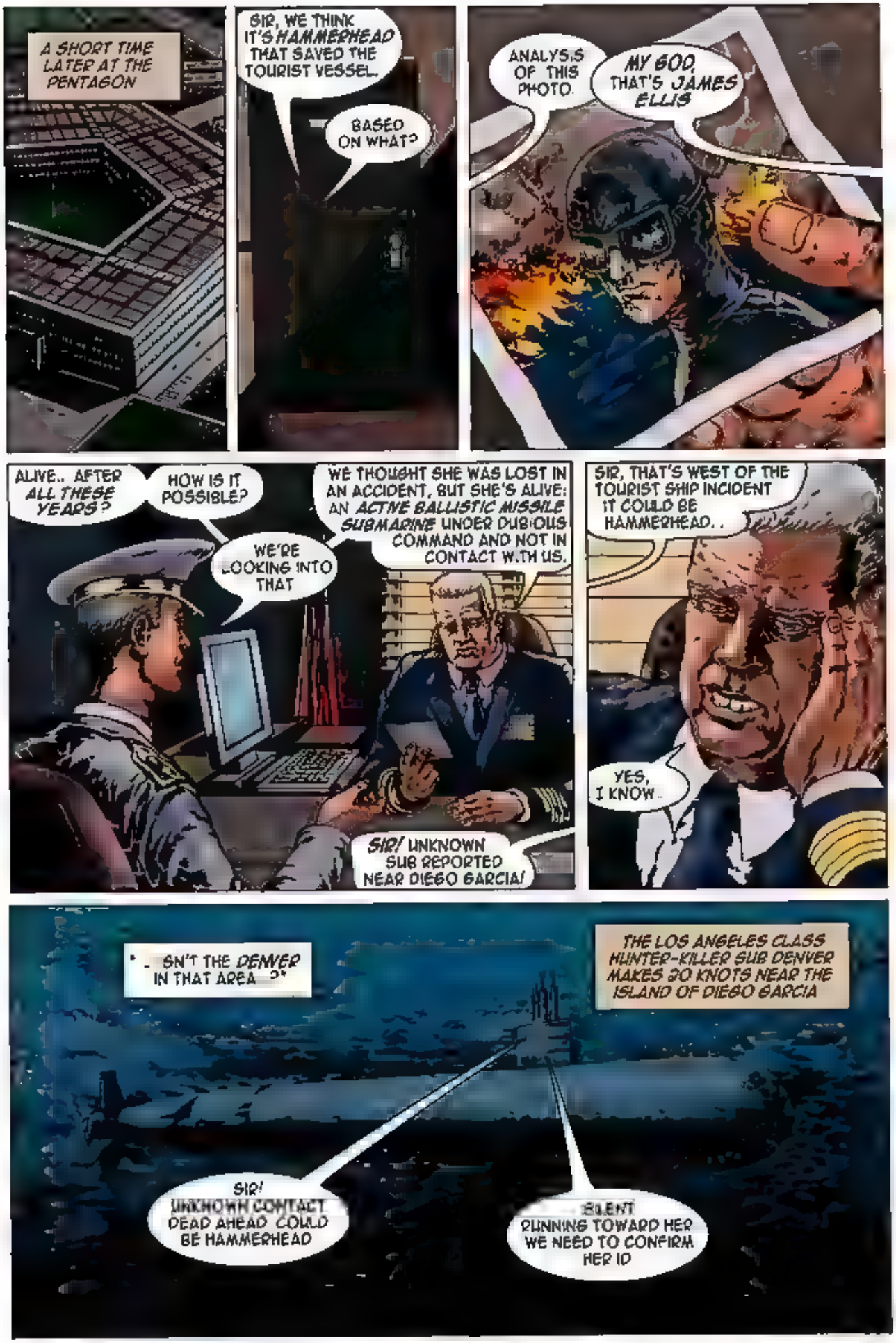
YEAH! THANK YOU!
BLESS YOU!
THANK YOU!

WHO'S SUB IS THAT?
CAN'T TELL, SIR.

THANKS, MISTER!
PARTY WITH US! WHOOOO!

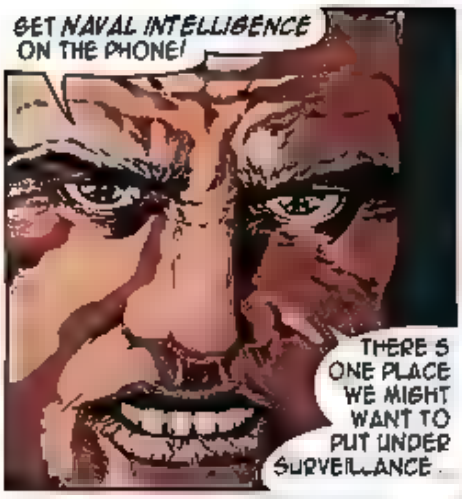


ULP!~
ER THANKS
GOOD LORD, LOOK AT HIM! HIS SUB IS GOING BACK DOWN AND HE'S JUST STANDING THERE!


A SHORT TIME LATER AT THE PENTAGON
SIR, WE THINK IT'S HAMMERHEAD THAT SAVED THE TOURIST VESSEL.
BASED ON WHAT?
ANALYSIS OF THIS PHOTO.
MY GOD, THAT'S JAMES ELLIS
ALIVE.. AFTER ALL THESE YEARS?
HOW IS IT POSSIBLE?
WE'RE LOOKING INTO THAT
WE THOUGHT SHE WAS LOST IN AN ACCIDENT, BUT SHE'S ALIVE: AN ACTIVE BALLISTIC MISSILE SUBMARINE UNDER DUBIOUS COMMAND AND NOT IN CONTACT W.TH US.
SIR! UNKNOWN SUB REPORTED NEAR DIEGO GARCIA!
SIR, THAT'S WEST OF THE TOURIST SHIP INCIDENT IT COULD BE HAMMERHEAD..
YES, I KNOW..
- SN'T THE DENVER IN THAT AREA ?*
THE LOS ANGELES CLASS HUNTER-KILLER SUB DENVER MAKES 20 KNOTS NEAR THE ISLAND OF DIEGO GARCIA
SIR! UNKNOWN CONTACT DEAD AHEAD COULD BE HAMMERHEAD
SILENT RUNNING TOWARD HER WE NEED TO CONFIRM HER ID

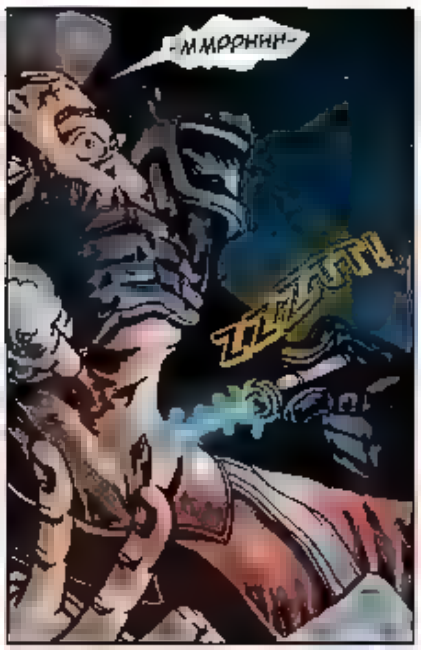
THEY'VE INCREASED SPEED – THEY KNOW WE'RE HERE ..
.. DIVING NOW – EXTREME ANGLE ..
SIR! IT SOUNDS LIKE SHE'S FLOODING!
MY GOD! ARE YOU CERTAIN?
YES, SHE'S UNDER CONTROL AT FULL THROTTLE, BUT I'M HEARING AN INRUSH OF WATER INSIDE HER HULL!
"– FLOODED? HOW CAN THAT BE? HOW CAN THE CREW – THE SUB – FUNCTION?"
"SIR, SHE'S EXCEEDED FIFTY KNOTS!"
"WE'LL NEVER OVERTAKE HER HELL, OUR TORPEDOES COULDN'T CATCH HER!"
"FLOODED AND DIVING AT OVER FIFTY KNOTS – UNBELIEVABLE!"

WORD REACHES THE PENTAGON..
INCREDIBLE!
FOLLOW HER!
WHAT CAN SHE WANT?
WHAT WILL SHE DO NEXT?
ALERT THE PACIFIC FLEET!
WE NEED TO REACQUIRE HAMMERHEAD!
ALERT THE ATLANTIC FLEET!
QUIET!


GET NAVAL INTELLIGENCE ON THE PHONE!
THERE'S ONE PLACE WE MIGHT WANT TO PUT UNDER SURVEILLANCE.

SOMETIME LATER
THE NORTH CAROLINA COAST

OPEN
HRS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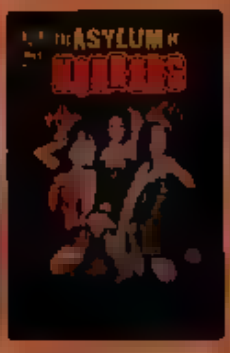

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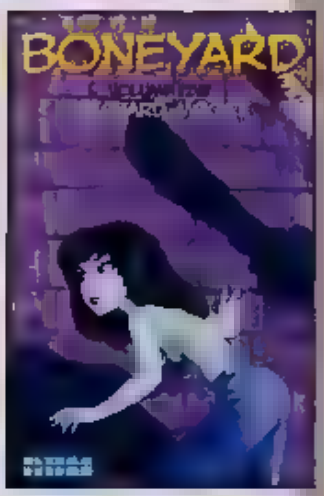

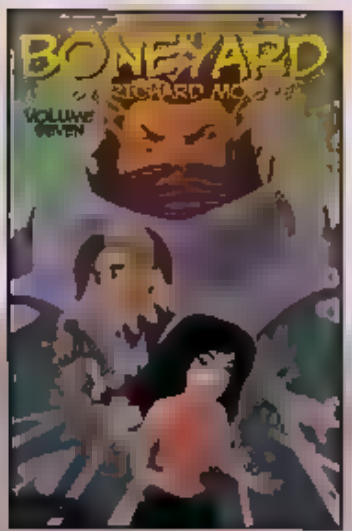

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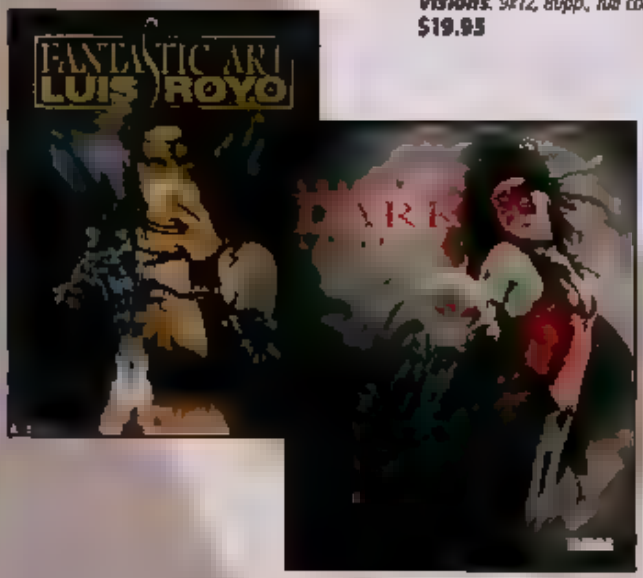

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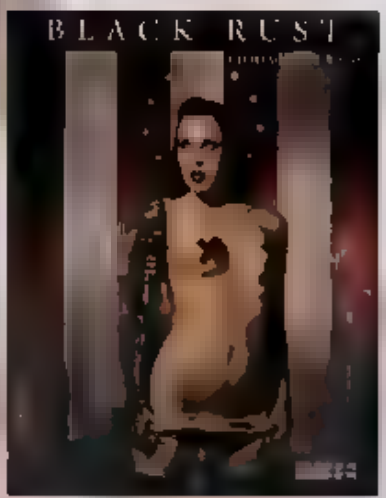

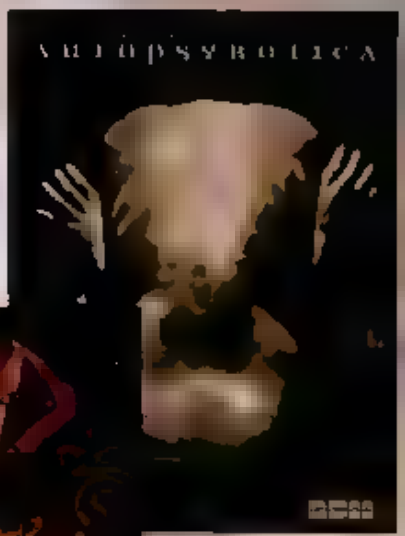

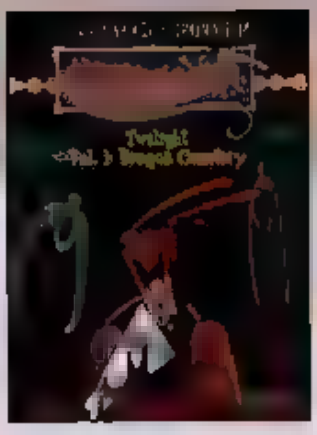

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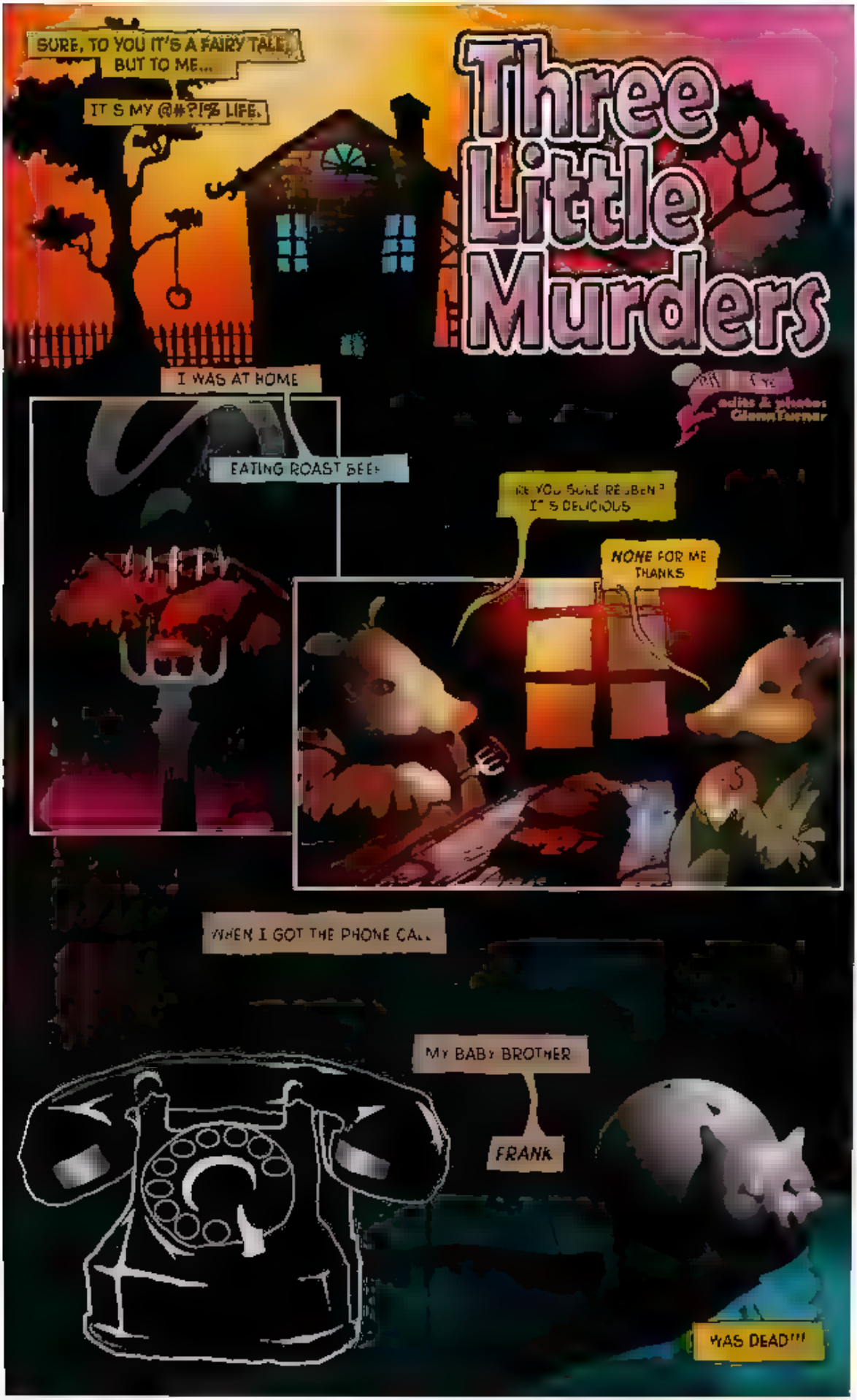
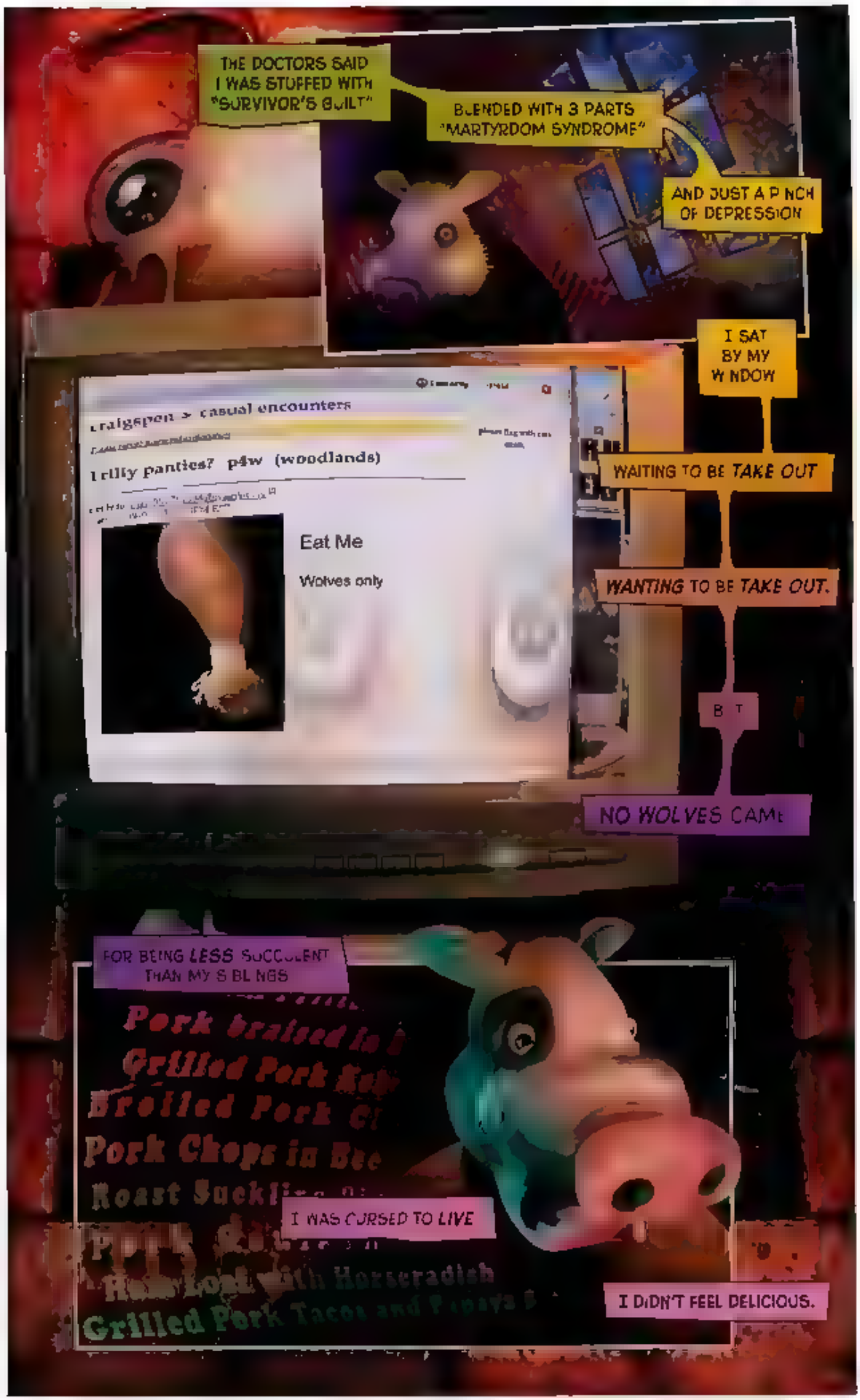

SURE, TO YOU IT'S A FAIRY TALE, BUT TO ME...
IT'S MY @#?!% LIFE.
Three Little Murders
I WAS AT HOME
EATING ROAST BEEF
ARE YOU SURE REUBEN? IT'S DELICIOUS
NONE FOR ME THANKS
WHEN I GOT THE PHONE CALL
MY BABY BROTHER
FRANK
WAS DEAD!!!

FRANK
SWEET
SWEET
FRANK
HE WAS
THE ONLY ONE
OF OUR LITTER
TO GO TO COLLEGE
HE BECAME AN ACCOUNTANT
A SUBURBAN TE
WORK NG ON WALL STREET
AND L VING N THE WOODS
HE RODE THE WESTERN EXPRESS
3 SEPARATE TRAINS ALL THE WAY HOME
HE'D JUST RETURNED
FROM HIS JOB AT THE
STOCK MARKET
WHEN THE WOLF PACK CAME,
AND BLEW H S HOUSE DOWN

TODAYS WEATHER:
BRIGHT AND SUNNY TODAY AND FOR EVER AFTER.
FRANK COOK
A HOUSE COLLAPSE!
THAT'S WHAT THE NEWS SAID
SHODDY CONSTRU ON
HA! HA! CHARADE YOU ARE!
BLAMED IN HOUSE EXPLOSION
THIS WAS NO ACCIDENT
HOUSE COMES CRASHING DOWN
STRONG SOUTHERLY WINDS
were said to contribute to the violent and tragic death of Frank Piggy
IN THE RUINS OF HIS TINY SHACK,
CHEAP HOUSING KILLS PIG!
BLOODY WOLF TRACKS AND AN EMPTY JAR OF APPLESAUCE!
"Pig's can't build a decent house" says mayor Atkins
EH!

WE WERE THREE LITTLE P GS
MURDER
LEFT US TWO
BUT THAT WAS ONLY THE BEGINNING
THE FOLLOWING FR DAY, REUBEN WAS LATE FOR DINNER
THERE WAS A KNOCK ON MY DOOR
NO ONE WAS THERE!.
BUT N THE GRASS
A FOOTBA.., A CAN OF SAUERKRAUT AND A POTATO PASTRY
IT WAS A MESSAGE
REUBEN SLEEPS WITH THE KNISHES.
T AT WAS
MURDER
NUMBER TWO!!!

WAS DRESSING TO SPREAD THEIR ASHES.
GAZING IN THE MIRROR SHAV NG THE HA R ON MY CHIN
I DISAPPEARED INTO MY OWN REFLECTION.
I REMEMBERED MY BELOVED BROTHERS
FRANK GL STENING ON THE BEACH IN JERSEY
REUBEN AT A FOOTBALL GAME
AND IT HIT ME...
DEAR GOD...
WE'RE GENETICALLY DELICIOUS!!
I WANTED TO D E


THE DOCTORS SAID I WAS STUFFED WITH "SURVIVOR'S GUILT"
BLENDED WITH 3 PARTS "MARTYRDOM SYNDROME"
AND JUST A PINCH OF DEPRESSION
I SAT BY MY WINDOW
WAITING TO BE TAKE OUT
WANTING TO BE TAKE OUT.
BUT
NO WOLVES CAME
craigslist > casual encounters
Eat Me
Wolves only
FOR BEING LESS SUCCULENT THAN MY SIBLINGS
I WAS CURSED TO LIVE
I DIDN'T FEEL DELICIOUS.

I REINVENTED MYSELF.
AS A HYBRID OF CHE GUEVARA AND JIMMY DEAN
BUT A BEATNIK REVOLUTIONARY MAKES A POOR *AMUSE-BOUCHE*.
THE OTHER WHITE MEAT
I STARTED SELF-SEASONING
KOSH SALT
I HAD A 2 TABLESPOON-A-DAY HABIT.
I WAS A *TRAVELER* NOT A TOURIST
I WENT *FREE RANGE* IN SOME PRETTY *DANGEROUS* NEIGHBORHOODS,
I INDULGED IN SOME,
WELL,
LET'S JUST SAY
UNKOSHER
BEHAVIOR
TRAGEDY MADE ME CRISPY ON THE OUTSIDE.

ON THE INSIDE, I WAS FLAKY.
I FELT GAMEY ROTTEN. SPOILED
PAST MY EXP RATION DATE
I DEC DED TO TAKE MY OWN LIFE
I REW A BATH
AN HERBAL BATH.

I WAS STEEPING IN THE TUB, WRITING MY SUICIDE LETTER
I WAS REL SHING EARTH.Y LUXUR.ES FOR THE LAST TIME
MARJORAM LEAVES T GHTEN THE PORES
CARROTS PROMOTE GOOD COLOR
PAPRIKA S GOOD FOR ACNE
AND A .ITTLE CAYENNE PEPPER TO KICK IT UP A NOTCH.

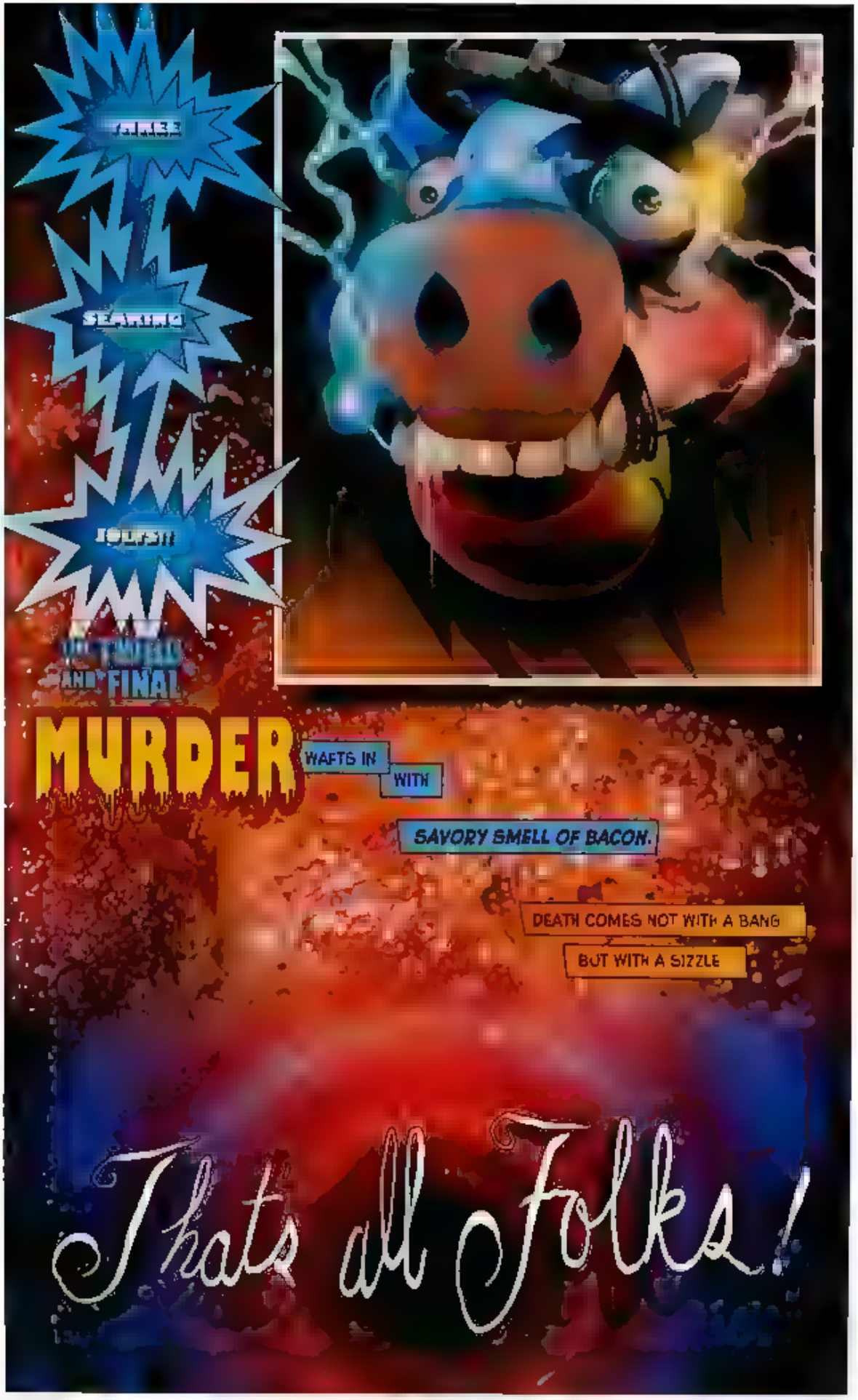
FRANKLY
WHAT HAPPENED NEXT
IS A... KIND OF A BLUR

I REMEMBER
THE SMELL OF BURNT HAIR.
HIS PATHETIC YELPING SOUND
AND THE VOICE OF THE 9-1-1 OPERATOR
...PLEASE STATE THE NATURE OF THE EMERGENCY
SOUP
I SAID
THE WOLF LIVED
MINOR INJURIES REALLY
BUT AT MY TRIAL THAT ONE WORD SEALED MY FATE
THE PROSECUTOR PLAYED THE RECORDING OVER AND OVER.
Soup
Soup
Soup
Soup

JUSTICE IS RENDERED IN THE COURTROOM OF THE PRISON.
HE WAS ASKING FOR IT
I WAS ASKING FOR IT
YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN WHAT HE WAS WEARING
I'M A DIRTY PIG
WITH THE CLAP OF THE GAVEL
THE JUDGE BARKED
GUILTY!

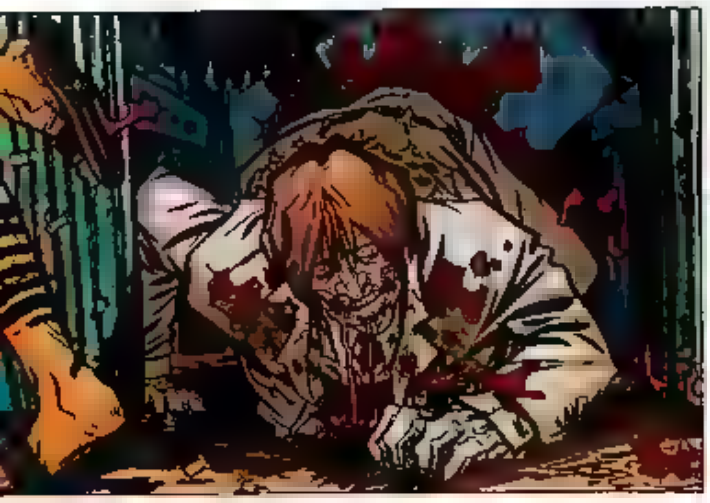
I WAS THROWN IN THE PEN
FOUND GUILTY OF
failure to operate with a valid food business permit, potentially hazardous foods at unsafe temperatures, inadequate facilities to control temperatures of potentially hazardous foods, nonoperating toilet facilities and a mud floor
CAPITAL CRIMES
THEY'RE GONNA FRY ME
I EXPER ENCED A JAILHOUSE CONVERSION
AND I PLACED THE ORDER FOR MY FINAL MEAL
TO GO VEGETARIAN.

A PLUMP COLLECTION OF
BEAUTY BLANCS
ZAPOTEC
AND
EARLY GIRLS
NESTLED IN A BED OF
BUTTERHEAD,
BLACKSEEDED SIMPSON
AND
BABY BIB.


SEARING
AND FINAL
MURDER
WAFTS IN
WITH
SAVORY SMELL OF BACON.
DEATH COMES NOT WITH A BANG
BUT WITH A SIZZLE
That's all Folks!

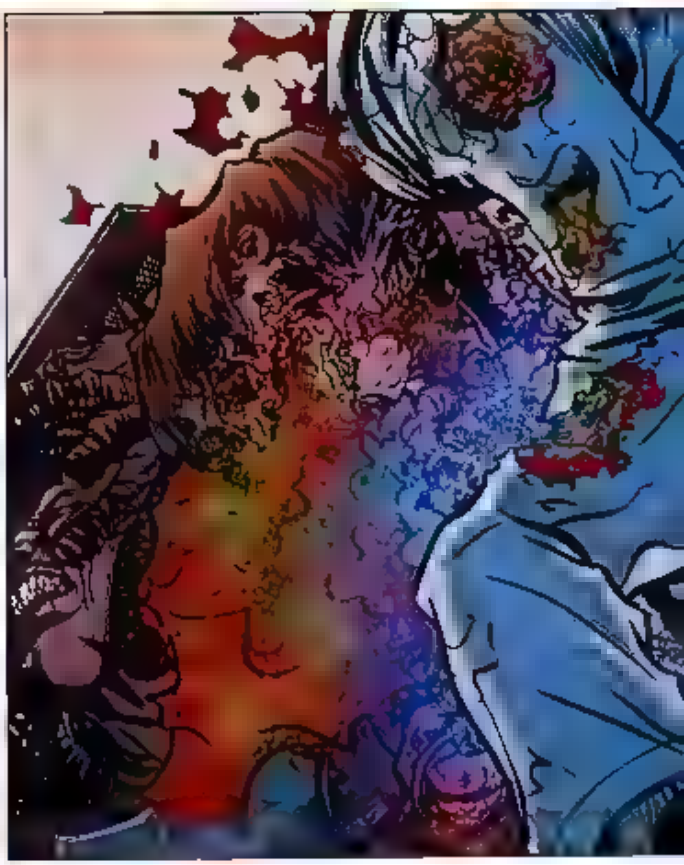
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53

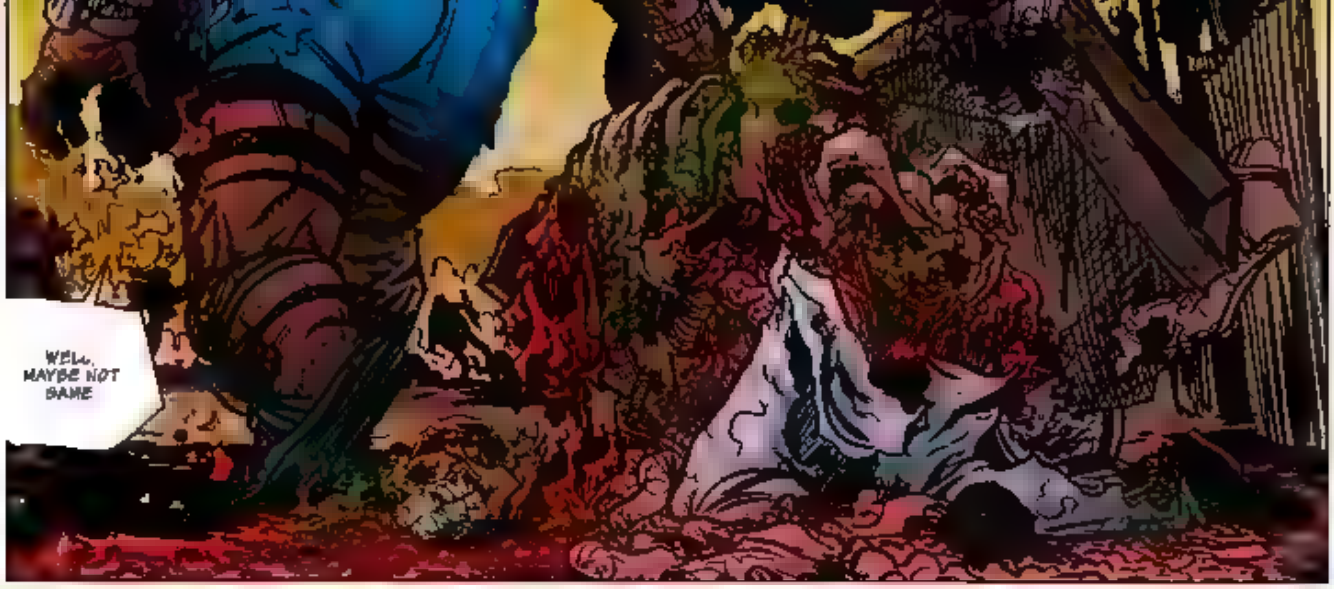
HAVING PROBLEMS?
FUCKING SPASMS NOT NOW!
IT'S NOT LIKE YOU EVER HAD A CHANCE
HERE'S A REMINDER OF THAT

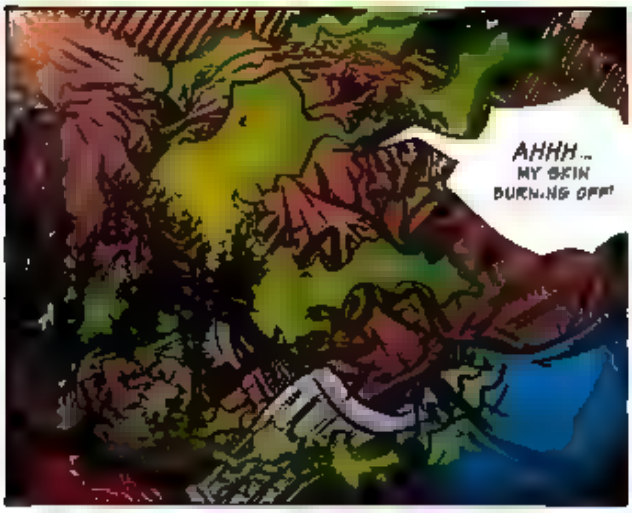


YOUR MONEY
YOUR NICE SUIT
AND YOUR PRETTY
LITTLE LIFE ALL
MEAN @#!T
OUT HERE

YOU CAN
STILL DIE SAME
LIKE US!

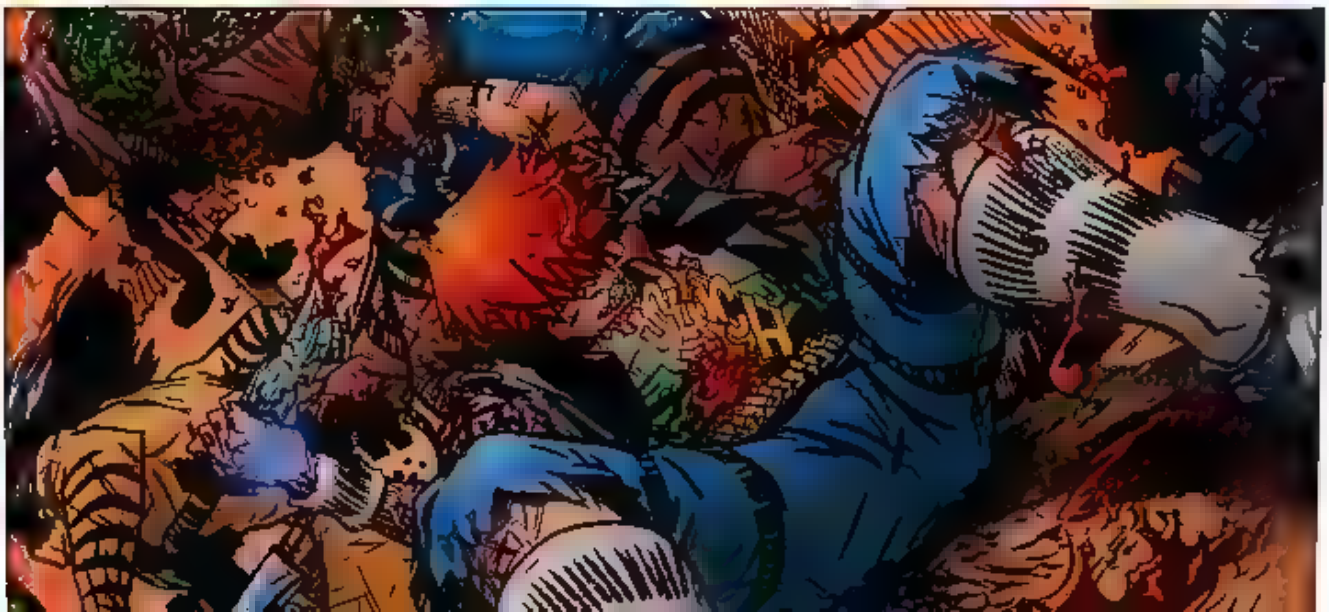



WELL, MAYBE NOT SAME


AHHH... MY SKIN BURNING OFF!

HOLIDAY

HOLD ON MAX. I GET YOU OUT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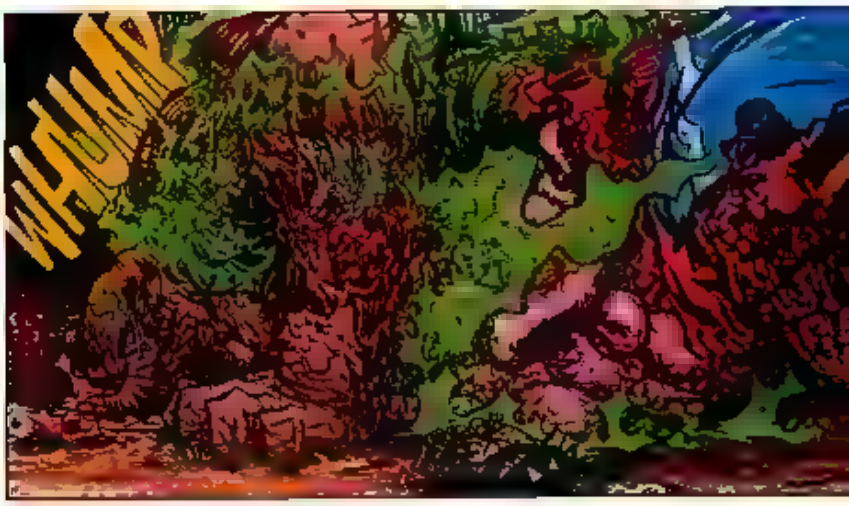

WHUMP

TELL ME THIS ALL... WORTH... SOMETHING.
NOT FOR NOTHING

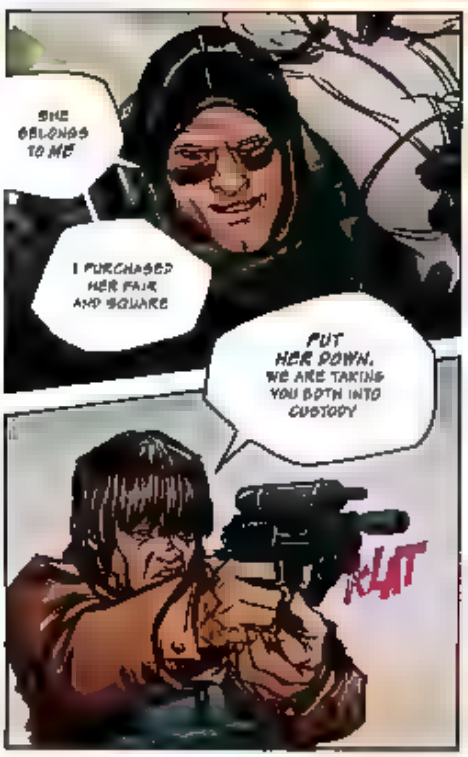
GGGGL -KKAK-KHKK FUUSSHHHHTTTT--

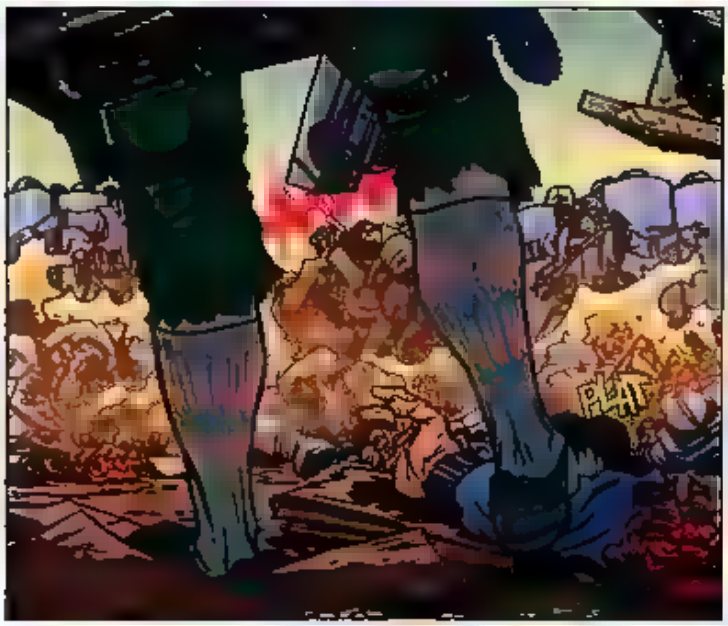
I PROMISE I WILL MAKE IT COUNT

THIS NOT .. URRRGH.. OVER YET

LOVELY! GIVE ME THE GUN AND GO! THIS PLACE ALL HAVOC!
HERE TAKE IT FINISH UP FOR ME
YOU GET SHOT?
AH THEN?
YEAH I LEAKY LIKE MY UNCLE'S OLD DICK
YOU ALWAYS TELL ME WE GONNA GET OUT OF HERE ONE WAY OR ANOTHER
HOW I GO
TIME TO SAY GOODBYE

FREEZE! HANDS UP!
THAT GIRL IS UGEN BIOLOGICAL PROPERTY!
CHAK
CHAK
HAK
SKRSH


SHE BELONGS TO ME
I PURCHASED HER FAIR AND SQUARE
PUT HER DOWN. WE ARE TAKING YOU BOTH INTO CUSTODY
KLIK



11
YOU FINISHED?

YOU ARE NOW!

OPEN YOUR EYES N HA
WE HAVE TO FIND ANJA RJPINDER AND GET THE ‹NH‹BITOR CODES
CALL N A‹R SUPPORT
DROP A V'RAL BOMB ON TOP OF THE 9WAP MEET N TOO CH‹AT
I KNOW OUR MEN ARE N THERE! DROP IT ANYWAY!

IN THE MARKET, EVERYTHING IS TRADED.
FLESH FOR MONEY
LIFE FOR DEATH.
DGR

THAT DAY THEY TRADED HUNDREDS OF HUMAN LIVES FOR WHAT?

A BETTER LIFE?

BWOOM!

ANJA KNEW THE BOMB WOULDN'T KILL EVERYONE.

WHAT 'S IT?
IT'S OVER NOW

THE VIRAL WEAPON WAS DESIGNED TO AFFECT ONLY THOSE WITHOUT UDEN'S VIRAL IMMUNITY GENE.
PUFF

WHAT CAN I DO MAX?
ANJA RUPINDER KNOWS YOUR DNA INHIBITORS
FIND HIM
YOU STEAL HIS MEMORY YOU CRACK YOUR GENOME
YOU CAN FREE THE GENE
N NA
I SEE THE FLUORESCENT BLACK
T S THERE
IT'S SO DARK
IT'S NOT DARK MAX
IT'S SO BRIGHT T S BL NDING YOU

NINA WE'RE HERE TO TAKE YOU HOME
HOW COULD YOU DO THIS?
YOU KILLED THESE PEOPLE!
THERE WAS NO REASON TO SAVE THEM, NINA
YES, THERE WAS!

...IT'S A WASTE OF ENERGY TO TRY TO FIX ALL OF THEIR PROBLEMS
EVENTUALLY, THEY WILL FIX THEMSELVES
OPEN YOUR EYES!
WHAT?
WHAT IS HAPPENING?!!
HELP ME!

LIKE YOU HELPED THEM?
I REMEMBER
I REMEMBER
I REMEMBER
I REMEMBER...
I REMEMBER...

I REMEMBER
THE INHIBITOR ENZYME FOR UGEN GENETICS 'S GLUCOSE-PHOSPHATASE.
THE INHIBITOR ENZYME FOR ULTAGEN IS ACYL-LYSINE DEACYLASE
I REMEMBER
IT'S DONE
YOU MEN ARE DISMISSED

UNDER WHOSE AUTHOR TY?
HUH?
CHANGE ALWAYS COMES WITH A PRICE.
WE PAID IN FULL.
WHO ARE YOU?

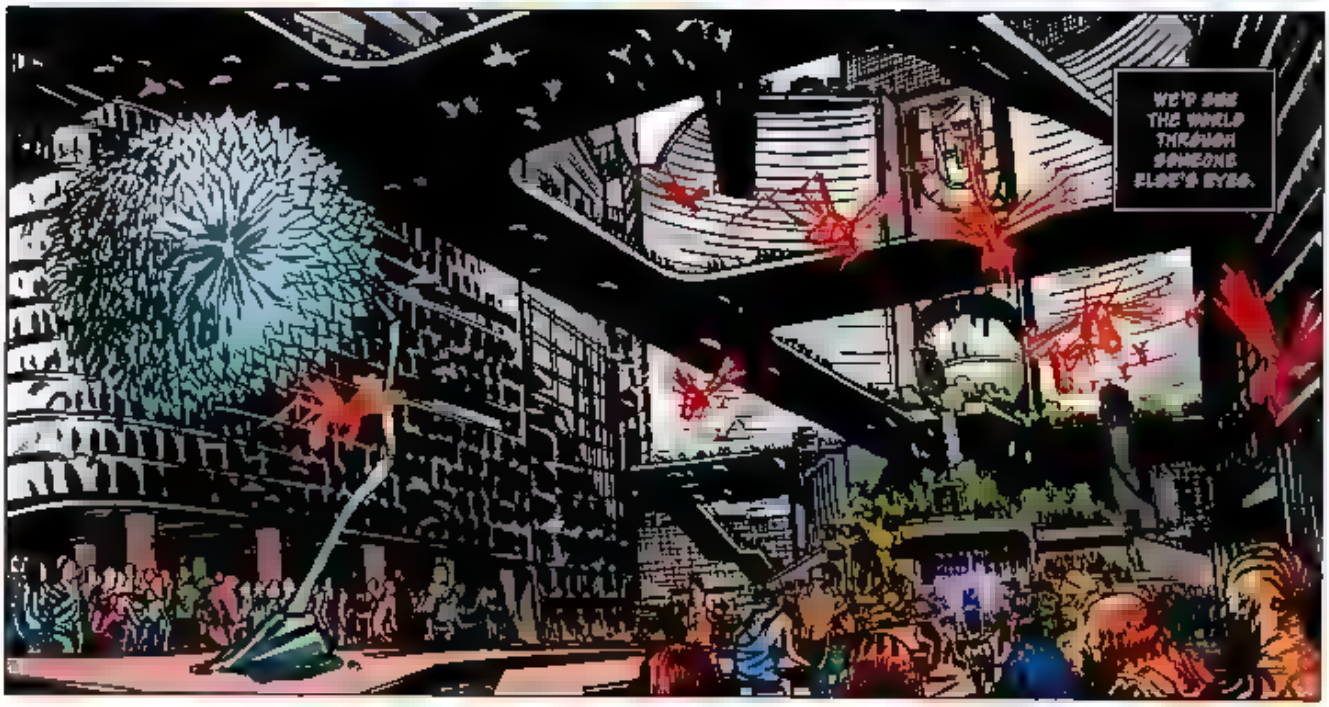
I WANT YOU TO REMEMBER THIS MOMENT.
I AM ALL THAT IS LEFT

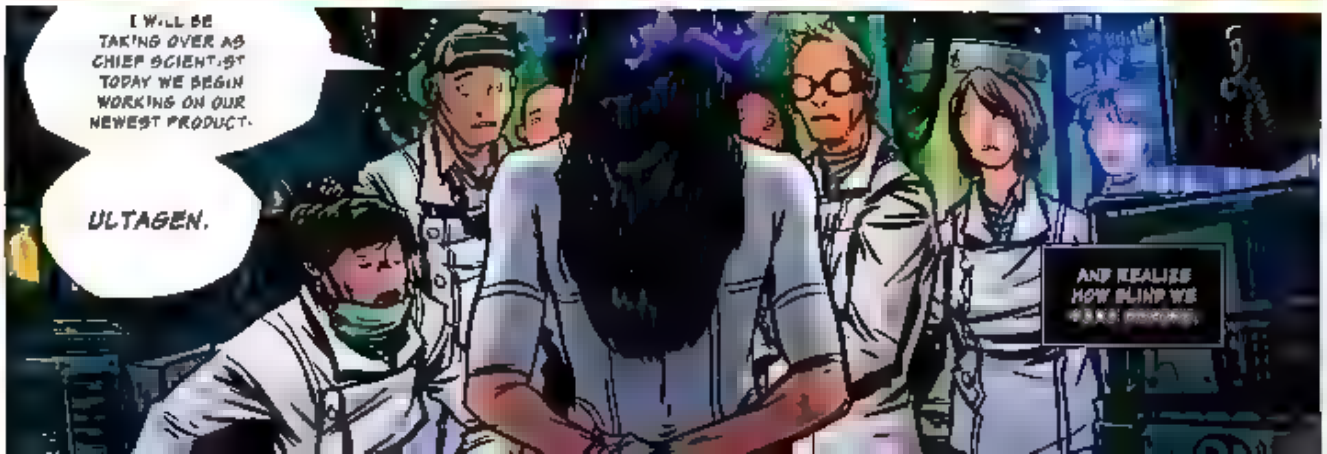
UNLIKE THE BORROWED MEMORIES I'VE ALREADY SHARED WITH YOU...
THIS MOMENT BELONGS TO ME.

THIS WAS THE DAY I FOUND THE TRUE FLAW IN THE HUMAN RACE.
WE'VE BECOME SICK WITH SELF-IMPORTANCE.
WE'VE FORGOTTEN THAT WE ARE ALL CONNECTED.
I HAVE THE ONLY REMAINING SAMPLE OF ULTAGEN OPEN THE BORDER OR IT WILL BE LOST FOREVER.
WE ALL FEEL PAIN.
WE ALL FEEL ALONE.

IF WE COULD REMEMBER...

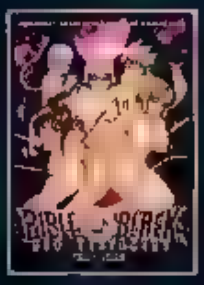
WE'D REMEMBER OUR DREAMS OF A BRIGHTER FUTURE.
THE DREAMS WE ALL SHARE.


WE'D SEE THE WORLD THROUGH SOMEONE ELSE'S EYES.


I WILL BE TAKING OVER AS CHIEF SCIENTIST TODAY WE BEGIN WORKING ON OUR NEWEST PRODUCT.
ULTAGEN.
AND REALIZE HOW BLIND WE

BECAUSE, THE TRUTH IS...
...WHEREVER WE GO, WE GO TOGETHER.

MEDIA BLASTERS



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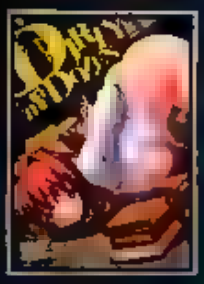
KVBVD-0001 $[illegible]



DIRTY BY THE DOZEN

A kinky headmaster and his naughty [illegible] set out to train twelve wayward girls into proper wives. They'll use any scheme in their arsenal to get the hot lady professors to share their carnal knowledge. But even if the women give their bodies over freely, that doesn't mean they'll take it lying down. The extracurricular activities are nonstop in every nook and cranny of this treasure of lustful learning. Ages 18+

KVDVD-0004 $[illegible]

MOMOTO 2-PACK Volumes 3 & 4

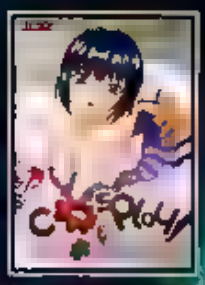
In Volume 3, Baku decides the best way to hide from the empire's Hunters is in plain sight by [illegible] new yukata is helped when she asks a local [illegible] stitch to fix her damaged spear. He knows who she is, and the emperor's Hunters are also his clients. In Volume 4, as Chaum develops, the [illegible] the Egg exposes Baku and the others [illegible] the world behind their five senses.

AWDVD-0478 $[illegible]

GRENADIER Complete Limited

During the time of the [illegible] the faithful samurai Y[illegible] surrounded by an enemy [illegible] moments that the beautiful [illegible] save him with an enchanting smile and high-caliber revolver. Rushuna's mission is crucial to mankind - she is traveling across Japan in search for a solution [illegible] forever. T[illegible] stumble [illegible] for [illegible]

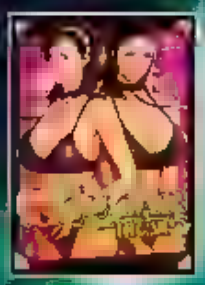
AKDVD-0001 $[illegible]



COSPLAY SEX MACHINE

Takeshi [illegible] nerdy kind of guy who works at a [illegible] store and is into cosplay idols, has led a [illegible] life up till now. So according to [illegible] correlation between nerdiness and [illegible] he's more than the world to be [illegible] package switcheroo [illegible] always finds himself with a [illegible] girl. Able to assume any [illegible] to please her new master, [illegible] characters right out [illegible] dreams. Ages 18+

[illegible] $[illegible]



THE COUGAR TRAP

The terms "[illegible]" and "[illegible]" are often used these days and that combination defines [illegible] to Yoko. Her life with her [illegible] husband is a pleasant one for the most [illegible], but the sounds of marital bliss have not been heard from their bedroom lately. She is forced to take matters into her own hands, until the day her son brings home a very handsome friend. Yoko doesn't realize it at first, but the person who has caught her eye also has her caught in a downward spiral of perversion. Ages 18+

[illegible] $[illegible]

MAKA-MAKA Volume 1

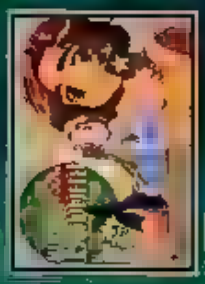
"Maka Maka" is slang for "friends with benefits" when two people want sex and friendship without commitment. Jun and Nana are cute art students dealing with just such an arrangement. Best friends turned lesbian lovers, they try to keep things casual. But as their emotional bond grows deeper and secrets are revealed, things get a whole lot more complicated. A magazine-sized 184-page deluxe graphic novel, with a glossy cover, full-color pages and bonus poster. Ages 18+

KMMOV-0001 $[illegible]

MAKA-MAKA Volume 2

Jun and Nana are best friends and they've [illegible] that the key to their friendship is communication, support, and most importantly, love. They're always there for each other. And they show their compliment to each other through their emotions, actions, and intimacy. No one could ever come between them... and no one does! [illegible] story. A magazine-sized 184-page [illegible] novel, with a glossy cover, full-color pages and bonus poster. Ages 18+

KMMOV-0002 $[illegible]



AH MY BUDDHA Volume 1

The gang dives headlong into more misadventures, and the statistics in their adventure will likely include more than one article of priestess [illegible]. Their first case as a recording studio takes a turn for the sensational when Chizuru helps a ghostly idol debut a CD that was postponed postmortem. As winter rolls around, they shed their robes to frolic in a mountain hot spring, [illegible] a diamond Santa balloon during Christmas and [illegible] Ages 13+

AMMVD-0001 $[illegible]

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☐	Momoto 2-Pack	AWDVD-0478	$29.99
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☐	Cosplay Sex Machine	KVDVD-0010	$29.99
☐	The Cougar Trap	KVDVD-0012	$29.99
☐	Maka-Maka Volume One (Manga) Novel	KMNOV-0001	$9.99
☐	Maka-Maka Volume Two (Manga) Novel	KMNOV-0002	$9.99
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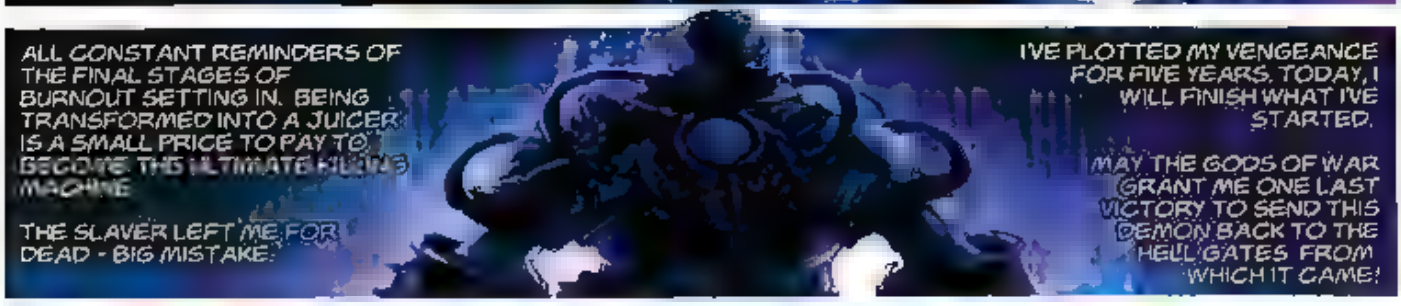
ONE LAST LOOK AT THE LIFE THAT WAS STOLEN FROM ME, AND THE HUMANITY THAT I LOST.
MY WIFE AND DAUGHTER TORN FROM MY VERY HANDS BY THAT COLD-BLOODED SPLUGORTH SLAVER AND ITS ASSASSINS.
IT WAS MY FAULT; I COULDN'T PROTECT THEM BACK THEN. THEY SHOULDN'T HAVE BEEN THERE - I WAS CARELESS.
TREMORS PULSE THROUGH MY AUGMENTED BODY. MY EYES ARE ON FIRE FROM THE INFERNO BOILING IN MY VEINS.


ALL CONSTANT REMINDERS OF THE FINAL STAGES OF BURNOUT SETTING IN. BEING TRANSFORMED INTO A JUICER IS A SMALL PRICE TO PAY TO BECOME THE ULTIMATE KILLING MACHINE.
THE SLAVER LEFT ME FOR DEAD - BIG MISTAKE.
I'VE PLOTTED MY VENGEANCE FOR FIVE YEARS. TODAY, I WILL FINISH WHAT I'VE STARTED.
MAY THE GODS OF WAR GRANT ME ONE LAST VICTORY TO SEND THIS DEMON BACK TO THE HELL GATES FROM WHICH IT CAME!

RUMBLING ACROSS THE BADLANDS, THE TRIO OF OUTLANDERS CUT THROUGH THE DRY DESERT AIR UNAWARE OF THE EVENTS THAT HAVE BEGUN TO UNFOLD IN THEIR OWN STOMPING GROUNDS OF NEB SIX.
COLT
One Outlander
Stormbringer
A PALLADIUM ENTERTAINMENT CROSSOVER STORY FEATURING RIFTS.
STORY WRITTEN & DEVELOPED BY:
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STORY DEDICATED IN MEMORY OF
CHRIS SMITH, JUAN JOP.
FOR YOUR FRIENDSHIP, COURAGE AND CONTRIBUTION TO COLT.

DAMN, THUNDERHEADS ARE ROLL NG IN FAST.
SUDDENLY, THE TEMPERATURE PLUMMETS AS THE HUE OF THE AFTERNOON SKY TURNS OMINOUS.
THIS IS NO ORDINARY STORM. THE MASSIVE SWIRLING CLOUDS DEVOUR THE DESERT'S HEAT WITH FURIOUS SPEED
WE'RE CAUGHT IN THE OPEN
THE G RLS HAVE THEIR BIKES AT FULL THROTTLE IN AN ATTEMPT TO KEEP UP WITH COLT AND THE HOVER HOG
THE TRIO QUICKLY REALIZE THERE'S NO ESCAPING A STORM OF THIS MAGNITUDE AS IT ENGULFS THEM.

THE FURY OF THE STORM'S PURE ENERGY HAMMERS COLT AND HIS CREW TO THE GROUND.
WITH AN ELECTRIC CRACKLE AND A WHITE-HOT SNAP OF IONS, A PORTAL IS UNLOCKED. THE BATTLE-TORN FORM OF THE STORMBRINGER CROSSES OVER FROM ANOTHER WORLD.
THE SPLIGORTH'S DEMONIC WRATH MUST HAVE OPENED THIS RIFT. BLOODLUST WILL MAKE IT FOLLOW ME
THE WARRIOR SUCCUMBS TO HIS WOUNDED AND TIRED BODY.
I JUST NEED TO GET ONTO TS BARGE. THE BURNOUT AND MY FURY WILL DO THE REST
LIKE A SLAB OF STONE, THE BATTERED MAN HITS THE GROUND WITH A THUD.
THE JUICER'S BROKEN BODY SHUTS DOWN. ACCELERATED HEALING PROVIDED BY 'IRMSS, BEGINS THE REPAIRS.

HE'S GETTING UP BE READY
LOCKED AND LOADED
WE'RE IN THE EYE OF THE STORM. THE WALL IS CLOSING IN FAST.
YOU HAVE NO REASON TO TRUST ME, BUT YOU MUST HEED MY WARNING HELL S ON ITS WAY
I HAVE SEEN ALL KINDS OF HELLS.
THIS DEMON IS VERY STRONG IT WIPED OUT MY ENTIRE TEAM OF JUICERS AND MERCS. IT WILL SHOW US NO MERCY WE FIGHT TOGETHER OR WE W LL DIE

MOMENTS BEFORE, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RIFT...
YOU LET THE LASST JUICER ES-SSCAPE! THEY MUSSST GO THE WAY OF ALL FLESH FOR THE DAMAGE THEY CAUSED ME.
THE SILENT ALTARA WARRIOR WIPES HER BLADE CLEAN EVEN THOUGH SHE KNOWS MORE BLOODSHED AWAITS
WE MUSSST CROSS NOW -- THE R FT ISSSS CLOSING!

THE MAMMOTH SPLUGORTH SLAVE BARGE EMERGES FROM THE RIFT. THE FLOATING ORBS SEEK OUT THEIR QUARRY.
EXTINGUI-SSSSSH THEM ALL! NO SLAVESSS TODAY

ATTACK THE ORBS DESTROY THE EYES
WE HAVE TO BLIND IT TO BR NG IT DOWN!
CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE. . .

JENNA

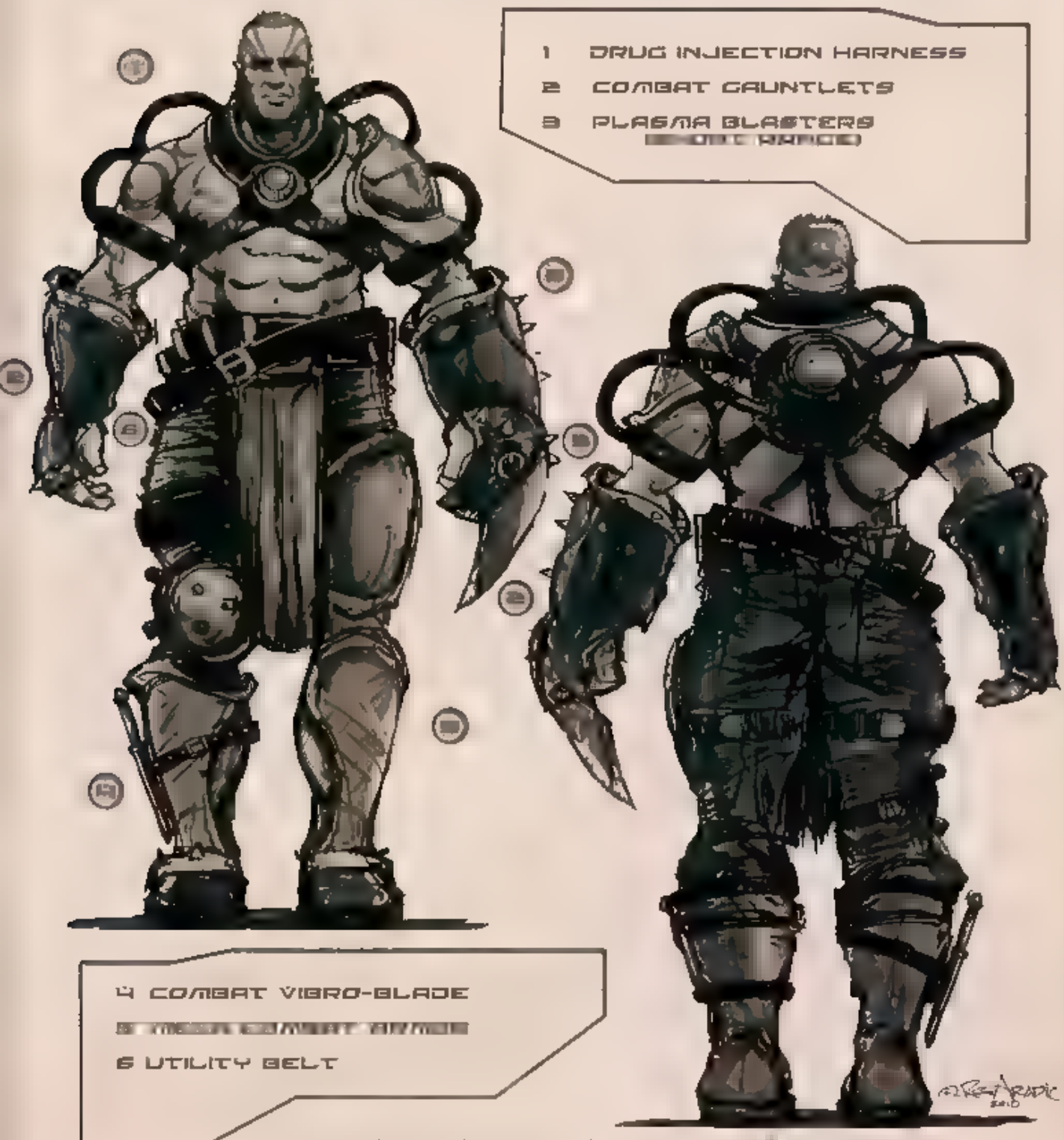
CROTCH ROCKIT

Colt
the Outlander

COLT TECH SHEET

THE JUICER™

WALKER T. CALLAHAN



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OLIVER
WETTER
ARTIST STUDIO

Oliver Weller, alias fantasio, is a Germany-
based illustrator and artist.

In 1993–1996 he started his career while

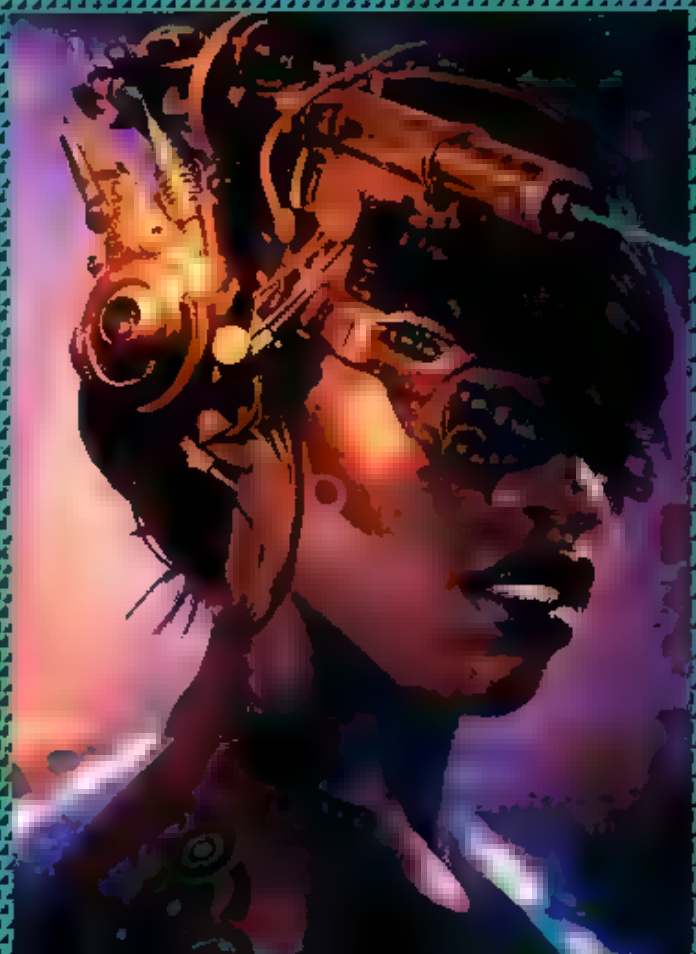
went followed was a mix between formal art
education for traditional and self-education in
digital art.

By the end of 2006 he plunged into

mankind, especially the female

Available for illustration and commission based
work. Inquiries are welcome.

E-mail: fantasio@gmail.com
Website: http://fantasio.info



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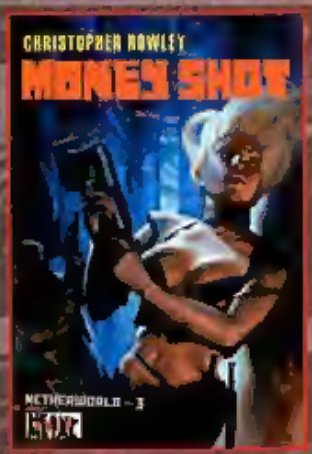

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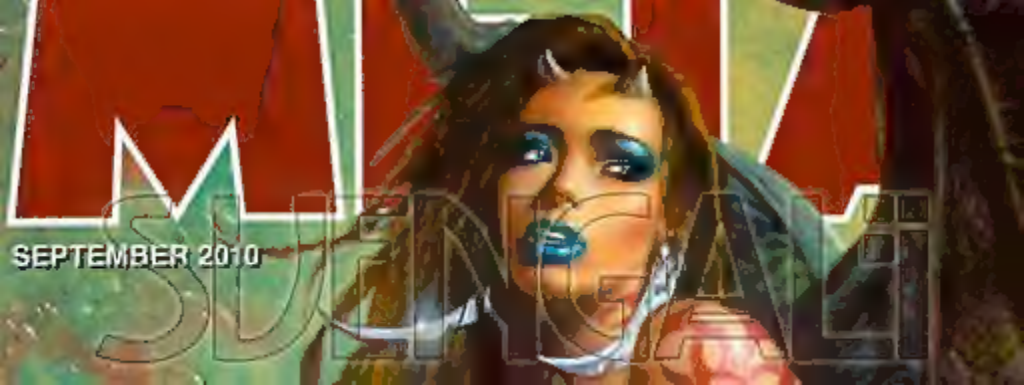
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